THE

GEORGICS

OF

VIRGIL.

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P. Virgilius Maro

THE GEORGICS OF VIRGIL TRANSLATED

BY

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TO

CHRISTOPHER NEVILE, Esq; Junr.

DEAR NEPHEW,

I Take the liberty to offer you in this public manner what was originally undertaken for your private use.

My intention was, you may remember, to excite you to a careful examination of the most polished poem of Antiquity; which, though adorned with every striking beauty of language and imagery, is, I fear, not enough considered.

This neglect may indeed be imputed to the seeming severity of it's didactic form, and perhaps in some measure to it's very perfection:

for, as in the eſtimate of characters the ſhowy anomalies of the giddy and diſſolute are preferred by vulgar Obſervers to the ſilent conſiſtencies of the ſober and decent; juſt ſo the groſs and gorgeous decorations of licentious compoſition operate more powerfully on common Readers, than the modeſt and elegant graces of exact writing.

A ready diſcernment of the more delicate and latent beauties preſuppoſes long habit and reflection, a refinement of our natural ſenſibility, and a knowledge of the laws, by which Judgment is directed: where theſe are wanting, an impatience for gratification is ſure to betray the young Student into a fondneſs for whatever makes a quick and forcible impreſſion: hence a paſſion for glare and glitter, tumour, and exuberance: hence, in a word, thoſe corruptions, which, when recommended by reputable example, have been known to elude the judicious efforts of reforming Criticiſm.

It is with true taſte as with ſound morals; a timely ſtudy of the beſt Authors forms us to the one, as an early converſe with the beſt Men trains us to the other.

Of

DEDICATION.

Of all the works of Genius none is ſo well ſuited to every purpoſe of improvement as the poem of which I now preſent you with a copy. A ſentimental cadence of verſe; a conſtant care of avoiding every the leaſt anticipation, every foreign intermixture, that may divert the mind from the main object, or cauſe a faint impreſſion of the principal idea; and a felicity of expreſſion, that without the appearance of deſign ennobles the meaneſt topics, are among it's more diſtinguiſhed excellencies. Theſe in an eminent degree demand the attention of all, who are ſolicitous to acquire a juſt notion of chaſte compoſition.

But wherefore do I talk of CHASTE COMPOSITION at a time, when the Public ſeems little diſpoſed to favour any well-conducted plan; when impure BUFFOONERY is permitted to uſurp the place of genuine Wit, and barbarous INVECTIVE unreproved aſſumes the honours due to legitimate Satire?

It is not difficult to foreſee what effects this depravity may have even on the moral character of the riſing Generation, if it receive not a ſeaſonable check from the authoritative influence

ence of the few finiſhed productions, left us by our great Maſters, the Antients.

May You, MY DEAR NEPHEW, amidſt the diſſipations incident to youth, continue to cultivate that taſte, of which, by the aſſiſtance of the beſt education, you have given an early promiſe.

I am,

With the warmeſt affection,

Your Friend and Uncle,

CAMBRIDGE,
Feb. 9, 1767.

THOMAS NEVILE.

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE GEORGICS.

GEOLOGICS

OR THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

BOOK I.

WITH heavy harveſts what may glad the plain;
What Star, MÆCENAS! may invite the ſwain
To turn the glebe, and wed to elms the vine;
The nurture due to cattle; care of kine;
What arts the taſk of training bees prolong;
Theſe are the Subjects, whence I'll raiſe my Song.
Lights of the world, who thro' the ſtarry ſphere
Lead, as ye roll along, the ſliding year!
Bacchus, and Ceres! if, by you firſt taught,
Men purpled with the grape the ſprings' pure draught,
And chang'd their acorns for the foodful grain,
Your gifts I ſing; propitious hear the ſtrain;

You too, who make the rural throng your care,
Hither ye Fauns, and Dryad-nymphs repair!
And thou, whoſe maſſy trident the firm ground
Smote, and an horſe roſe neighing from the wound!
You, who haunt groves, whoſe ſnowy ſteers are ſeen
In Cœa, browſing on the braky green!
And you, Tegæan Pan! my ſuit approve,
If thy own Mænalus ſtill claim thy love;
Guardian of flocks, ah! quit thy natal ſhades,
And leave awhile Lycæus' op'ning glades!
Giver of olives, Pallas, come! and thou,
Whoſe early youth firſt ſhow'd the crooked plough!
Sylvanus, with thy cypreſs tree, attend!
Ye Gods, and Goddeſſes, the fields who tend!
Ye, who wild nature's genuine products feed!
Ye, who ſend copious ſhow'rs on cultur'd ſeed!
But chief thou, CÆSAR! tho' 'tis yet unknown
What place in heav'n's high ſeats you'll call your own:
Whether, of lands protector, you ſupply
Fruits, and control the tempeſts of the ſky,
Your mother's myrtle round your temples twin'd,
Hail'd with one voice great patron of mankind:
Or o'er the boundleſs ſeas you ſtretch your ſway,
Sole God of all, who tempt the wat'ry way,

Rever'd

Rever'd at Thule's utmoſt ſhores, and won
By Tethys' treaſures to be ſtyl'd her ſon:
Or the celeſtial arch you mean to grace,
Where Scorpio's claws and Virgo leave a ſpace:
His arms contracted, lo! the burning ſign
Makes of the ſky a larger portion thine.
Whate'er thy purpoſe; nor be Hell ſo vain
To nouriſh hopes of thy expected reign;
Nor may ſuch luſt of rule thy boſom fire,
Tho' Greece Elyſium's bliſsful ſcenes admire,
And raviſh'd Proſerpine for theſe diſdain'd
The proffer'd boon her mother's ſuit obtain'd:
In pity to the guideleſs ſwains incline
A willing ear, and aid my bold deſign;
Learn to aſſert thy tutelary care,
Aſſume the God, and liſten to our pray'r!

On the looſe clod when vernal gales firſt blow,
And down the white hills glides the melting ſnow,
At the preſt plough then let the bullock toil,
And the ſhare brighten, as it breaks the ſoil.
That land ſhall thicken with ripe crops untold,
Which twice has felt the ſun, and twice the cold:
A ſecret joy ſhall touch the greedy ſwain,
As his full barns diſtend with golden grain.

Ere in an unknown ground you fix your ſhare,
Mark well the winds and temp'rature of air,
The culture, genius of the place next try;
What it will beſt produce, and what deny.
Here ripen grapes; there yellow harveſts riſe;
Unbidden herbs another ſpot ſupplies,
And fruitage: ſeeſt thou not? ſoft Sabe ſends
Her frankincenſe; her iv'ry India lends;
Of ſaffron Tmolus his rich ſtores reſigns;
Chalybs the treaſures of his iron mines;
Pontus his caſtor of rank ſcent; ſwift ſteeds,
Victorious in the ring, Epirus breeds.
Theſe laws and pacts eternal were aſſign'd
To ſoils by nature, when man's hardy kind
Burſt into being, as Deucalion hurl'd
His ſtones into the wide unpeopled world.
Haſte then and to the plough yoke the ſtout ſteer
In the firſt months of the new-op'ning year;
And let the clods in ridges as they lie,
Be bak'd beneath a glowing ſummer-ſky.
But if the ſoil be poor, it will ſuffice
To cut ſlight furrows near Arcturus' riſe:
There, leſt wild herbs moleſt the laughing land;
Here, leſt all moiſture leave the ſteril ſand.

With

With a year's reſt your new-ſhorn field reward,
And give the glebe long leiſure to grow hard:
At leaſt, the ſeaſon chang'd, there ſow your corn,
Whence brittle ſtalks of lupines have been born
In rattling ſheaves, or tares' thin ſeeds been took,
Or pulſe, by reapers from their pods juſt ſhook.
For oats, and flax are found, and poppy-grain
Sprinkled with lethy'd ſleep, to parch the plain.
But of alternate ſowing light the toil,
If, by falſe ſhame not counſel'd, the dry ſoil
You feed with fatt'ning dung, and ſcatter round
A ſhow'r of aſhes on th' exhauſted ground.
Thus change of grain gives reſpite to your field,
And lands at reſt a rich return will yield.
Some with ſucceſs by fire a poor ſoil mend,
And in a crackling blaze the ſtubble ſend:
Whether by means unknown earth thence receive
Strength, and ſome healing aliment conceive;
Or whether, purging the bad taint, the fire
Give the ſuperfluous moiſture to tranſpire;
Or into porous vents the glebe unbind,
Whence to the plants the juice a way may find;
Or, hardened by the fire's aſtrictive pow'rs,
Earth cloſe her gaping chinks, leſt drizzling ſhow'rs,

Or Sol's more potent fervours, or the cold
Of penetrating Boreas ſcorch the mould.
Nor is the ground ungrateful to the ſwain,
Who plies his harrows oft, and o'er the plain
Drags oſier hurdles; from her throne on high
On him brown Ceres bends a gracious eye:
Nor leſs his fields he profits, who once more
Cleaves the rough ridges he had rais'd before,
His ſhare obliquely turn'd, with callous hands
Inceſſant toils, the tyrant of his lands.
Ye huſbandmen! intreat the gods by pray'r
For wat'ry ſolſtices, and winters fair:
With laughing corn the laughing lands abound,
On the dry earth when brumal duſt is found:
At no time Myſia boaſts ſo rich a plain,
And Garg'rus wonders at his waving grain.
Need I name him, who, having ſown his ſeed,
Reſts not, but proſecutes his taſk with ſpeed,
Of the lean gravel ſweeps away the hills,
Then from the fountains calls the ſtreamy rills?
With dying herbage when the parcht glebe glows,
Down channell'd ſteeps th' obedient runnel flows;
O'er the ſmooth ſtones a murmur hoarſe it yields,
And with briſk bubblings cools the thirſty fields.

Or

Or ſhall I tell his caution, who, thro' fear
The weak ſtem ſink beneath the weighty ear,
In the young blade feeds down the wanton crop,
The ſhoots juſt level with the furrows' top?
Or him why mention, who with anxious pains
From the ſoak'd ſands the marſhy moiſture drains,
Chief in the changeful months, if, o'er his ſhores
Riſing, the river lift his ſwelling ſtores;
The trenches, as they drink the reeking tide,
Steam, and a ſlimy deluge ſtretches wide?
Nor ſlight the miſchief, tho' the cultur'd ſoil
Of men and beaſts confeſs the various toil,
If cranes and wicked geeſe the ſpot invade,
And bitter ſucc'ry ſpread, or trees o'erſhade.
Nor thou repine: great Jove, with taſks untry'd
To rouſe man's pow'rs, an eaſier way deny'd;
And firſt bade mortals ſtir with art the plain,
Leſt ſloth ſhould dim the ſplendors of his reign.
Till then to lands no limits were aſſign'd,
No marks; the ground unlabour'd by the hind.
To gratify each want enough was found,
While earth unaſk'd diffus'd her gifts around.
Jove the black ſerpent arm'd with deadly bane,
Taught wolves to prey, and heav'd with ſtorms the main,

Shook

Shook from the foliage the nectareous dew,
And fire's deep-bury'd ſeeds conceal'd from view,
Repreſs'd the wine, in purple rills which ran,
That gradual uſe might hew out arts from man,
That corn's green blade in furrows might be ſought,
And from ſtruck flints the fiery ſparkle caught.
Then the ſcoopt alder's weight the wave firſt try'd;
The ſailor, as he wander'd o'er the tide,
Number'd and nam'd the ſtars, that gild the ſky,
The Pleiads, Hyads, and the Bear's bright eye.
Then toils and ſnares 'gainſt beaſts and birds were found;
With dogs the lawn's wide circuit ſome ſurround;
O'er the laſh'd ſtream theſe teach the net to ſweep,
Thoſe drag the moiſten'd meſhes thro' the deep.
For grating ſaws their wedges they forſook,
As the rough ore a temper'd poliſh took.
Thus by long labour arts to arts ſucceed,
Such is the force of all-compelling need.
To turn the glebe firſt Ceres taught, when food
Fail'd wretched mortals in the ſacred wood,
And ev'n Dodona ceas'd her cuſtom'd fare:
The ſpringing blade ſoon aſk'd an added care;
On the thin ſtem the cancrous mildew fed,
And the vile thiſtle rear'd his prickly head.

The chok'd corn withers; a rough wood of weeds,
Caltrops and clivers, to the grain ſucceeds,
The fields' fair produce luckleſs darnels ſpoil,
And barren wild-oats lord it o'er the ſoil.
Go then, and daily harrow well the ground,
And ſcare with noiſes birds that hover round;
The trees' dark umbrage with your hook reſtrain,
And from the ſkies implore the kindly rain:
Elſe others' ſheaves you'll ſee with longing eye;
And to the oak for maſt half-famiſh'd fly.
Learn next the tools of Ruſtics; theſe unknown,
No gladd'ning crops can riſe, no ſeed be ſown.
The ſhare, and crooked plough's more pond'rous frame,
And wain ſlow-moving of Eleuſis' Dame;
Nor be the cumbrous harrows left unſaid,
Nor ſleds, nor drays, nor crates of Arbutes made;
Nor Celeus' implements of oſier twine,
Mean tools, nor Bacchus' winnowing fan divine.
All theſe with forecaſt ſage you muſt prepare,
If ought of rural honours claim your care.
Firſt in the woods by force is taught to bend
The tall tough elm, and in a plough-tail end:
To this eight feet in length, a pole; two ears;
A ſhare-beam next with double back appears:

An handle in the lofty beech we find,
To guide the bottom of the plough behind;
The light lime lends materials for the yoke:
Let the wood long be ſeaſon'd by the ſmoke.
If cares leſs weighty move not your diſdain,
Some ancient precepts I may here explain.
Firſt then, well moulded with the hand the floor
With chalk tenacious muſt be harden'd o'er,
And with a roller level'd, leſt the ground
Gape into chinks thro' duſt, or weeds abound.
The little mouſe, (ſuch peſts thy hopes defeat)
Beneath the pavement oft has fixt his ſeat,
There form'd his granaries; or the ſightleſs mole,
Poking his paſſage, dug ſome lurking hole;
Nor leſs the toad, and all the vermin kind,
That earth abundant breeds, ſome hollow find:
The weaſel plunders with voracious rage,
And the ant pilfers, provident of age.
When to the walnut-tree the year allows
A plenteous bloom, and bends the ſcented boughs,
If nuts abound, exuberant crops you'll know,
And with rich threſhings your rich floor will glow:
Should ſhadowy leaves luxuriant ſpread, in vain
From ſheaves of chaff you would elicit grain.

Some

Some I have ſeen indeed, who ere they dare
To ſow, firſt medicate their ſeeds with care,
Soak them in nitre, and oil's lees diſtil,
That fruit more juſt the treacherous pods may fill.
Yet ſpite of induſtry and niceſt art,
Tho' a mild heat it's quick'ning pow'rs impart,
The ſeeds grow worſe, unleſs with pains ſevere
You cull the largeſt each revolving year:
Sure fate of human things that never ſtay,
But rolling backward haſten to decay.
Juſt ſo the man, who ſcarce with oars can guide
His veſſel, ſtruggling with the adverſe tide,
If his tir'd arms relax, with ſudden ſweep
Snatcht by the ſtream drives headlong down the deep.
Nor ſhould we mark with leſs obſervant care
The Kids, bright Dragon, and the northern Bear,
Than, who, thro' boiſt'rous ſeas returning, brave
Abydos' ſtraits, and Pontus' whelming wave.
When Libra day and night has equal made,
And half the globe is light, and half is ſhade,
Then work your oxen, ſow your barley grain,
Ev'n to the winter-ſolſtices' laſt rain.
This too the fitteſt ſeaſon has been found
To bury flax and poppy in the ground;

And at the harrows ſweat, while earth is dry,
And the clouds hang yet harmleſs in the ſky.
Beans aſk the ſpring; then millet's annual toil;
Then for thee, medic! gapes the crumbling ſoil;
When the Bull's gliſt'ning horns the year unbar,
And the Dog ſetting ſhuns th' opponent ſtar.
But if for wheat and ſpelt you ply the plain,
Attentive ſolely to the bearded grain,
The due ſeeds truſt not to the furrow'd field,
Nor to earth raſhly the year's promiſe yield,
Till at ſol's riſe the pleiad choir retires,
And Gnoſus' blazing circlet veils her fires.
Many before the fall of Maia ſow,
But empty ears are all the crop they know.
But if you ſow the faſel vile, and tare,
And deem th' Ægyptian lentil worth your care,
Bootes ſinking a ſure mark will ſend;
Go! and your labour to mid-froſt extend.
Hence o'er the portion'd orb with golden ray
Thro' twelve bright ſigns the ſun exerts his ſway:
Five zones the heav'ns embrace: one, ſtill the ſame,
Eternal reddens with the ſolar flame:
At each extremeſt end on either ſide,
Stiff with black ſtorms and ice, two more ſtretch wide:

Theſe and the middle zone between, kind heav'n
Two more in pity to frail man has giv'n:
Thro' theſe a way is cut, in radiant round
Obliquely wheeling where the ſigns are found.
High as the world at Scythia's ſteeps aſcends,
So low as Libya's ſands it downward bends:
One pole for ever it's aerial brow
Lifts o'er our heads; one the pale ghoſts below
And ſable Styx beneath their feet behold:
There glides the Dragon of enormous mould,
And, winding like a river, wreaths his train
Between the Bears, the Bears that dread the main.
Here, or perpetual reſts ſtill night 'tis ſaid,
And adds new horrors to the thick'ning ſhade,
Or from our hemiſphere with gladd'ning ray
Aurora haſtens, and brings back the day;
And when on us Sol's panting ſteeds firſt breath,
Then lights clear Veſper the late lamps beneath.
Hence in the dubious ſky we learn to know
The threatening tempeſt, when to reap and ſow,
Laſh the falſe ſea with oars, in lengthen'd line
Arrange arm'd fleets, or fell the foreſt-pine.
Nor think that vainly the ſtars ſet and riſe,
Or that the vary'd year no hints ſupplies.

When

When chilly rains forbid abroad to roam,
Much may at leiſure be prepar'd at home,
What need oft hurries, when the ſeaſon's fair:
The ploughman to an edge whets the blunt ſhare;
Scoops troughs from trees: nor leſs his flocks the ſwain
Marks, or prints numbers on his ſacks of grain.
Some ſharpen ſpars, and two-horn'd forks, and twine
From willows twigs to ſtay the flexile vine.
Now weave with bramble rods the frail's thin round;
With fire now roaſt the corn, with flints now pound.
Nay ev'n for feſtal days ſome works are fit,
Works, which the laws of gods and men permit.
Moiſt lands no rigour would refuſe to drain,
Or with an hedge to fence the ſpringing grain;
To burn the thorns, the feather'd race inſnare,
Or in the river plunge the bleating care.
Nor to the city trudging on theſe days
Of oil and fruit the clown his trade delays;
Returning of black pitch he brings a maſs,
Or with th' indented ſtone loads his ſlow aſs.

Obſerve the moon; ev'n ſhe for rural cares
In various order lucky days declares:
Beware the fifth: on this deteſted morn
Pale Orcus, and the ſiſter-fiends were born;

Cæus

Cæus, Japetus, then ſprang to birth,
And fell Typhæus, the dire brood of Earth;
And Giant-brethren, who with frenzy fir'd
By force to rend heav'n's battlements conſpir'd:
On Pelion thrice vaſt Oſſa they eſſay'd
To heave; on Oſſa next with all his ſhade
To roll Olympus: thrice th' eternal Sire
Split the proud ſtructures with his balls of fire.
Of proſp'rous days the ſev'nteenth he prefers,
Who plants his vineyard, tames reluctant ſteers,
And weaves the woof: the ninth for men in ſpeed
Is beſt, but adverſe to the knave in need.
For the cool night ſome taſks are fitteſt found,
Or when the Morn with dew firſt gems the ground.
At night the ſtubble, the dry meadows mow;
Theſe hours a moiſture fail not to beſtow.
One, to point torches with a knife, all night
Wakes by a winter-fire's expiring light;
Mean while his wife to ſooth his labour ſings,
As thro' the loom the rattling ſhoot ſhe flings,
Or of ſweet muſt boils off the wat'ry part,
And ſcums the kettle's wavy foam with art.
At noon red Ceres ſinks upon the plain;
At noon the threſhers beat the roaſted grain.

While laſts warm weather plow and ſow your fields;
Winter long leiſure to the farmer yields
The genial God, when pinching colds annoy,
Invites the ruſtic throng to ſcenes of joy;
Their ſtores in ſocial intercourſe they ſhare,
And in carouſals baniſh ev'ry care:
Happy as mariners, all perils paſt,
When their crown'd veſſels touch the port at laſt.
Pluck acorns at this ſeaſon of the year,
And of their fruits the bay and olive clear,
And ſtrip the myrtle: toils and nets prepare
For cranes and ſtags, and trace the long-ear'd hare;
Now let the ſlinger learn to ſtun the doe,
While rivers puſh down ice, and earth lies deep in ſnow.
Why ſhould I ſtorms and ſigns autumnal ſing?
Or tell, what vigilance it aſks, when ſpring
In heavy ſhow'rs precipitates away,
Or the days ſhorten, and the heats decay;
In the green ſtem when ſwells the milky grain,
And the ſpik'd harveſts briſtle all the plain?
Oft have I ſeen, when to the yellow land
The rural lord had brought his Reaper-band;
To the brown ſheaf as he the ſwath applies,
Inſtant the warring winds tumultuous riſe:

Rent

Rent from profoundeſt earth the ſcatter'd corn
With all it's weight of root aloft is born:
Whirling in rapid circles thro' the ſky
Before the blaſt light chaff and ſtubble fly.
Oft a vaſt wat'ry throng from Ether pours, [ſhow'rs
And from the deep clouds thick'ning with black
Swell the dire ſtorm: the ſkies burſt ruſhing down,
And the fair fields in one vaſt deluge drown:
The dikes o'erflow; the rivers riſe, and roar;
Of boiling ocean ſteams the ſtraiten'd ſtore.
Thron'd in the centre of dark clouds heav'n's Sire
Wings with his waving arm the forky fire:
Earth ſhudders at the ſhock; the beaſts are fled,
And thro' wide regions mortals ſunk with dread;
Or Rhodope, or Athos feels the blow,
Or of Ceraunia the proud tops bow low:
Rage the redoubling winds; with ſhow'rs the ground
Smokes: to the tempeſt woods and ſhores reſound.
This would you ſhun? the months and ſtars obey;
Note, in what orbs Cyllenius winds his way;
Where creeps cold Saturn, chief the Gods revere,
And to great Ceres, each revolving year,
Pay grateful off'rings on the graſſy plain,
When ſpring ſucceeds to winter's dreary reign.

Then wines are mell'weſt; fat lambs crop the glade,
Then ſlumbers pleaſe, and hills grow brown with ſhade.
Ceres let all your ruſtic youth adore:
For her with milk and ſoft wine ſprinkled o'er
Heap honey'd combs; and, while th' attendant throng
In glad proceſſion raiſe the choral ſong,
Courting the Goddeſs to their roofs with cries,
Round the freſh fruits thrice lead the ſacrifice:
Nor with raſh hook dare one the ripe ſtalk wound,
Till, with the twiſted oak his temples bound,
In uncouth meaſure firſt to Ceres' praiſe,
Friſking he beat the ground, and chant his lays.
By certain ſigns, ſo wills great Jove, the ſwain
Predicts heats, chilly winds, and rattling rain,
Reads in the monthly moon a ſure preſage,
And ſees the marks of Auſter's ſinking rage.
Nor wants the Grazier tokens, when to call
His ſtraggling cattle near the ſhelt'ring ſtall.
Strait, with the riſing tempeſt, by degrees
Or heaves the tremulous ſurface of the ſeas,
And o'er the region of the hilly ground
Breaks a dry crackle; or afar reſound
The billow-beaten ſhores, while ſwelling near
The foreſt's leafy ruſtle fills the ear.

Then ſcarce the waves forbear the crooked ſhip,
When from the middle of the ſurgy deep
Speed the ſwift Corm'rants ſcreaming to the ſtrand,
And ſooty ſea-coots gambol on the ſand;
And herons, quitting their known marſhes fly
Above the clouds, high-ſoaring in the ſky.
Oft, wind impending, ſudden to the ſight
The ſtars ſhoot headlong from th' ethereal height,
Leaving behind long trails of light, that ſhine
Thro' night's gloom, ſtreaming in a ſilv'ry line.
Oft fluttering feathers on the pool's top play,
And chaff and falling foliage flit away.
But when from Boreas' quarter lightnings fly,
And Eaſt and Weſt with thunders rend the ſky,
O'er all the floated region foaming ſweep
The dikes, and ev'ry ſailor in the deep
Furls his wet ſails: unwarn'd none rues the rain;
Either the cranes, who wing th' aerial plain,
Have ſhun'd it from the low vales, as it roſe;
Or heifer, with look lifted and curl'd noſe,
Snuff'd the dank vapours; or with twitt'ring ſound
O'er the lake's brim the ſwallow took her round;
Or, at the ſhow'r's approach the croaking throng
Tun'd in the mud their melancholy ſong.

Oft has the ant, working her narrow road,
Brought out her eggs from her recluſe abode,
And heav'n's bow drunk; and an unnumber'd croud
Of ravens with cloſe pinions clatter'd loud,
Quitting their food: now fowl of wat'ry kind,
That in Cayſter's lakes with bill declin'd
Pry o'er the meads of Aſius, largely lave
Their backs, beſprinkled with the daſhing wave,
Now dare the waters, now the ſurface ſweep,
And idly wet their plumage in the deep.
Then the rook calls the rain in lengthen'd tone,
And paces on the ſandy waſte alone.
Nor leſs the damſels, in nocturnal hour
Working their wool, foretel the coming ſhow'r,
As the lamp burns, when ſputt'ring ſparkles round
Dart from the oil, and funguſſes abound.
Nor from leſs certain tokens are foreſeen
Days without ſhow'rs, and an expanſe ſerene:
For then the ſtars no languid luſtre lend,
Nor does the Moon the vault of heav'n aſcend
Glimm'ring with borrow'd beams, nor to the eye
Clouds of dun hue roll fleecy thro' the ſky:
Nor do the birds, by Thetis lov'd, expand
To the warm ſun their wings along the ſtrand;

Nor

Nor with their ſnouts the ſwine about them throw
The looſen'd dunghill: but miſts creeping low
Reſt on the plain; and from ſome turret's height,
With weak eyes watching the departing light
In vain, the bird of night plies her late lay:
Aloft ſoars Niſus in th' aerial way;
For the bright lock juſt vengeance Scylla feels;
Where'er her flight with rapid wings ſhe wheels,
In the ſame track her fierce avenger nigh
Niſus with whirring pinions beats the ſky;
And where ſublime in air he mounting ſprings,
Strait her ſwift flight ſhe ſpeeds with rapid wings.
Now do the ravens preſs their lengthen'd throats,
And at ſhort intervals pour liquid notes;
And fluttering with a ſtrange and new delight,
Oft fondly ruſtle in the leafy height,
Glad, when the ſtorm is paſt, again to ſee
Their downy neſts, and puny progeny.
Not that to birds, I truſt, by Fate or Heav'n
A ſubtler mind, or preſcience has been giv'n;
But when new properties in Ether riſe,
Bred by the ſtorm and fluctuating ſkies;
And, moiſten'd by bleak Auſter's blaſts, the air
The thin condenſes, or the denſe makes rare;

Their minds too ſympathize, and changeful own
An impulſe, while the tempeſt rag'd, unknown:
Hence with the feather'd choir, the fields rejoice,
The cattle friſk, and ravens lift their voice.

But if you give to Sol attention due,
And with ſtrict eye the moons ſucceſſive view,
Securely may you truſt the following day,
Nor will the night's ſerenity betray.
When Phœbe firſt receives her Brother's beam,
If thro' dark air her horns obſcurely gleam,
Th' impending ſhow'r on land and ocean dread:
But if her face be fluſh'd with virgin red,
Expect a tempeſt; ſage obſervers find,
Bright Phœbe reddens with the riſing wind.
At her fourth riſe, of all the ſureſt ſign,
If with ſharp horns in air ſerene ſhe ſhine,
That day and all, progreſſive in their train,
To a full month, will want both wind and rain;
And the glad mariner, all perils o'er,
Pay to the Gods his off'rings on the ſhore.

Sol too prognoſtics of the weather ſends,
When he begins his courſe, and when he ends;
Prognoſtics certain, both what he ſupplies
At early morn, and when the ſtars ariſe.

When,

When, wrapt in clouds, he climbs the eaſtern height,
Vary'd with ſpots, and half recedes from ſight,
Suſpect a ſhow'r; for, ruſhing from the ſeas,
The South, pernicious to herds, corn, and trees,
Drives the dark ſtorm; or, when at dawn of day
He here and there darts forth a diverſe ray
'Mong thick'ning clouds; or, with wan hue o'er-
Aurora riſes from Tithonus' bed, [ſpread,
Ah! little will the leaf the grapes avail,
So faſt on roofs bounds the rough rattling hail.
This too more uſeful cautions will ſupply,
When, having run his round, he quits the ſky:
For his bright orb oft diff'ring colours ſtain:
The fiery ſtorms; the blue denounces rain.
But ſhould the ſpecks with flame be redden'd o'er,
Soon wind and clouds will burſt forth in a roar.
That night, ah! tempt me not the ſeas to dare,
Nor raſhly from the coaſt the cable tear.
But if the Sun, when he rolls down the day,
And when reſtores it, ſhine with lucid ray,
In vain the clouds alarm: the woods you'll find
Wave their green tops before the clear north-wind.
Laſtly by ſigns unerring he declares
What late Eve brings, what the moiſt South prepares,

Whence

Whence the wind drives the thin clouds' ſweepy train:
Lives there, who deems the Sun's predictions vain?
He warns, when madding tumults are at hand,
When fraud, and wars long-hidden threat the land:
He felt a pang for Rome, great CÆSAR dead,
When with dark purple his refulgent head
He veil'd from view, and, ſhuddering at the ſight,
The guilty nations fear'd eternal night.
Earth too, the billows of the wat'ry way,
Birds, and ill-omen'd dogs preſag'd that day.
Oft Ætna waving has been ſeen to pour
O'er the Cyclopean fields a burning ſhow'r
From her rent caverns, and with bellowing ſound
Shoot globes of fire, and molten rocks around.
Germania heard aerial clang of arms;
And Alps, portentous, ſhook with new alarms.
Thro' the ſtill groves oft, burſting on the ear,
A loud voice ſwells: all-ghaſtly pale appear
Spectres at duſk of eve: beaſts hold diſcourſe,
Hideous to tell! and rivers ceaſe their courſe:
Earth yawns: the ſorrowing iv'ry in the fanes
Weeps, and a trickling dew the braſs diſtains.
Eridanus, great king of Latian floods,
With rapid whirl uprooted loftieſt woods,

And foaming frantic with impetuous ſway
O'er all the plains ſwept herds and ſtalls away.
Nor did the fibres at that time forbear
In the ſlain victims menaces to wear:
The wells ran blood; and in the dead of night
Loud-howling wolves fill'd cities with affright.
Ne'er did more light'nings thro' a ſky ſerene
Flaſh; nor ſo oft were blazing comets ſeen.
For this a ſecond time with rival rage
Philippi ſaw the Roman hoſts engage;
And twice Emathia, (nor the Gods withſtood)
And Hæmus' fields were fatten'd with our blood.

The days will come, when in theſe tracts the ſwain,
As with his plough he drudges at the plain,
Shall find worn jav'lins, cank'ring in the ground,
Or, as he harrows, hear a tinkling ſound
From the ſtruck helms, and ſee with wond'ring eyes
Bones, dug from graves, of more than human ſize.

Ye guardian Gods! Indigetes! whoſe care
Tiber, and Rome's imperial grandeur ſhare,
Check not this Youth, who labours to reſtore
A world degenerate: we requeſt no more.
Our blood for paſt offences may ſuffice,
Too dear a price for royal perjuries.

Long

Long ſince the Gods, repining at thy ſtay,
Would court thee, CÆSAR, from earth's pomps away.
For now below men right and wrong confound;
So many wars, ſuch various crimes abound:
No worthy honour to the plough remains;
The fields all-ſqualid mourn their raviſh'd ſwains;
Straight ſwords are hammer'd from the crooked ſhare:
Euphrates maddens here, Germania there:
Confed'rate ſtates diſcordant riſe in arms,
All leagues diſſolv'd: fell Mars with dire alarms
Raves round the globe; as pouring from the goal
With added ſpeed the rival chariots roll:
Rapt by the ſteeds the Racer tugs in vain;
Swift flies the car, reluctant to the rein.

THE

THE

SECOND BOOK

OF THE

GEORGICS.

BOOK

II.

OF ſigns celeſtial, and the cultur'd plain,
Thus far; next, Bacchus! to thy praiſe the ſtrain
Is due; trees too, and ſhrubs I'll ſing with thee,
And the ſlow-riſing olive's progeny.
Lenæan Sire, be preſent to my lays!
Where-e'er we turn, the ſcene thy gifts diſplays:
For thee, with Autumn laden, ſwells the vine;
And the full vintage froths with floods of wine.
Come, Sire Lenæan! nor with me diſdain
Thy legs unbuſkin'd in new muſt to ſtain.
  Firſt, in creating trees attentive know
How Nature varies: ſome ſpontaneous grow,

Un-

Unconſcious of man's toil, and wide abound:
As flexile broom, that loves the champaign-ground,
Poplars, and oſiers ſoft, near rivers ſeen,
And willows hoar with leaves of blueiſh green.
From ſeed, fortuitouſly dropt, part riſe;
Such as the cheſnut, tow'ring to the ſkies,
The beech, of trees with broadeſt foliage fraught,
And oaks, oracular by Grecians thought.
Others, as elms and cherries, from their root
See a thick grove of ſpringing ſuckers ſhoot:
Ev'n the Parnaſſian Bay, while young, ſeeks aid
From the vaſt ſhelter of parental ſhade.
Theſe methods Nature taught; by means like theſe
Flouriſh ſhrubs, hallow'd groves, and foreſt-trees.
Methods there are, which gradual Uſe has found:
This puts young ſuckers in the furrow'd ground,
Torn from the mother's tender trunk: that takes
Sets, cleft in four, or ſharpen'd into ſtakes,
And buries: from the tortur'd layer's ſweep
In their own earth ſome trees delight to keep
A living nurſery; while others need
No root, but from the tops of ſprigs ſucceed.
Ev'n from dry cuttings of a ſtock will ſhoot,
Wond'rous to tell! an olive's ſpreading root:

And oft one plant by eaſy change we ſee
Aſſume the branches of an alien tree:
Thus on the plum bluſh cornels; and the pear,
Transform'd, inſerted apples knows to bear.
Riſe ye, to whom this province is aſſign'd,
And learn the culture proper to each kind;
The ſavage fruits by art to ſoften try,
Nor let your lands in ſloth neglected lie:
What joy on Iſm'rus rows of vines to ſpread,
And clothe with olives great Taburnus' head!
Come then, my pride! my glory! in whoſe name
I boaſt the greateſt part of all my fame,
With me purſue the deſtin'd taſk, and deign
To give the looſen'd canvaſs to the main:
Not that I hope, had I an hundred tongues,
An hundred mouths, and braſs-reſounding lungs,
To croud ſo vaſt a ſubject in my ſong:
Come then, the firſt ſhore's margin coaſt along!
The land's in view: no fictions I'll diſplay,
Nor in preambles vain your courſe delay.
Trees, that ſpontaneous ſhoot into the ſkies,
Fruitleſs indeed, but fair and ſturdy riſe,
Strong nature working in the ſoil: yet theſe
Wild as they are, will take what forms, you pleaſe,

And leave their ſylvan genius, if with care
You graff them, or to order'd trenches bear.
Nor leſs to art the ſteril ſuckers yield,
If once tranſplanted to the ſpacious field:
Darken'd by leaves and boughs no fruit they know;
Their mother ſcreens, and blaſts them as they blow.
Trees, that have ſprung from caſual ſeed, ſlow riſe:
But late poſterity their ſhade ſhall prize.
Apples, their former flavour loſt, decay:
And grapes but ripen to the birds a prey.
Culture and coſt all equally demand,
To tame, and force them in the furrow'd land.
To Paphian myrtles ſolid wood aſſign;
To olives truncheons, layers to the vine;
Thus beſt each thrives: from ſuckers aſhes grow;
The tree, that branches for Alcides' brow;
Hazels, and acorns of Chaonia's Sire,
Sea-faring fir, and palms this way aſpire.
From walnuts the rough arbutes graffs receive;
To barren planes an offspring apples give;
To cheſnuts beaches; Aſhes learn to bear
The paly bloſſom of the downy pear;
And grafted elms, o'er-charg'd with bitter maſt,
Spread to the crunching ſwine a rich repaſt.

Nor

Nor to inſert the graff, and eye include,
Deem the ſame taſk: where ſprouting gems protrude
From the mid bark, and pierce the membranes, there
A ſmall and ſtrait receſs is ſlit with care:
For this a bud from a ſtrange tree they find,
And bid it grow into the weeping rind.
Or the cut knotleſs ſtock the deep wedge cleaves,
And the cleft bole the fertile graffs receives:
Strait with rich boughs to heav'n the Tree aſpires,
And foreign leaves and foreign fruit admires.
Nor yet to Elms, or Willows is aſſign'd,
To Lotes, or Cypreſſes, a ſingle kind:
Of Olives, whether Orchites the name,
Pauſia, or Radii, various is the frame:
Unnumber'd forms Alcinous' fruitage wears,
Nor apples leſs; and ſhoots diſtinguiſh pears:
Nor ſuch ripe cluſters do our vines command,
As in Methymna tempt the Gatherer's hand.
A fat ſoil ſuits the Mareotic vine;
Men to the Thaſian a light glebe conſign.
The Pſythia, proper in the ſun to dry,
And, whoſe quick fumes the tongue and feet will try,
The thin Lageos, Purple, aſk my verſe,
And Early grape: ſay, how ſhall I rehearſe

Thy praiſe, O Rhætica! yet raſhly vain
Cope not with wine Falernian vaults contain.
Amminean vines of generous juice why ſing,
Rever'd by Tmolus' and Phanæus' King;
Or leſs Argitis, yet unmatch'd in ſong,
For flowing largely, and for laſting long?
Nor ſhall I leave in ſilence thee, of Rhodes,
To men delicious, grateful to the Gods!
Nor thee, Bumaſtus, of protuberant ſize!
But who their names and numbers can compriſe?
And what avails it? who would learn, as well
Whirl'd by the Weſt the Libyan ſands might tell,
Or, by the furious Eaſt when ſhips are toſt,
Count ev'ry wave, that beats th' Ionian coaſt.
Nor yet all trees alike all lands approve:
The willow rivers, alders marſhes love;
The barren aſh in rocky mountain-ground
Rejoices; myrtles on ſea-ſhores abound:
Bacchus affects the breezy hilly height;
Yews in the cold and Boreal blaſts delight.
The cultur'd globe's extremeſt ends ſurvey,
The Scythian wilds, and realms of riſing Day,
Trees ſeparate nations: Indian climes alone
Bear the black Eben; frankincenſe her own

Soft

Soft Sabe calls: of balſams need I ſay,
That ſweat thro' aromatic wood their way,
Or berries of Acanthus? or deſcribe
The flimzy fleeces, that the Seric tribe
Comb off from leaves? or mention in the Weſt
The foreſts hoary with a wooly veſt?
Or at Earth's verge, where Ocean laves the coaſt,
Declare what groves the ſons of India boaſt,
A quiver'd race, whoſe arrows' loftieſt flight
Soars not above their trees' ſtupendous height?
Citron, bleſt fruit, the Median tracts produce,
Of ling'ring ſavour, and of auſtere juice;
Than which no plant, when ſtepdames, fell of ſoul,
With charms and temper'd drugs have mixt the bowl,
An antidote more inſtant can impart,
To rout the venom, ere it reach the heart:
A large fair tree, in form ſo like a bay,
A bay it were, did not the boughs betray
A diff'ring ſcent; the flow'r clings firm and faſt,
The leaves tenacious mock the forceful blaſt.
With this the Medes relieve a noiſome breath,
And ſnatch aſthmatics from the arms of Death.
Yet may not Media vie, tho' rich in woods,
Nor Ganges fair, nor Hermus' golden floods,

With ITALY, nor Ind, nor Bactra's lands,
Nor all Panchæa with her ſpicy ſands.
Here no fire-breathing bulls the yoke have known,
Nor in the furrows ſerpents' teeth been ſown,
Nor iron harveſts of mens' helms and ſpears
Roughen'd the fields; but crops of bearded ears,
And Bacchus' purple gifts have throng'd the ground,
And olives flouriſh, and herds friſk around.
Hence prances to the plain the ſtately ſteed,
Hence the vaſt victim bull, and ſnow-white breed,
Oft in thy ſtream, Clitumnus, cleans'd from ſtains,
Precede Rome's triumphs to the hallow'd fanes.
In ſtrange months ſummer, laſting ſpring we ſee,
Sheep twice are big, twice apples load the tree.
No lion-brood, no tigers roam the land;
Nor pois'nous plants deceive the reaper's hand;
Nor ſnakes their orbs immenſe along the plain
Snatch, nor in ſuch vaſt volumes writhe their train.
Here labour'd works, proud cities ſtrike our eyes;
Rear'd on rough rocks there towns aerial riſe;
Beneath old battlements, ſee! rivers flow:
Shall I name ocean, that above, below,
Laves her? or vaunt her lakes? thee, Larius! thee,
Benacus! foaming like a troubled ſea?

Her

Her ports, and moles to Lucrine join'd, explain,
Or tell the roarings of th' indignant main,
The refluent floods where Julius' water braves,
And in Avernus ruſh the Tyrrhene waves?
Copper and ſilver ore her veins have ſhown,
And gold in copious tides has been her own.
She a rough race of men the Marſi boaſts,
The painful Ligures, the Sabine hoſts,
The dart-fam'd Volſci: ſhe the Decii gave,
The great Camilli, Marii bold and brave,
The Scipio-line, invincible in fight;
Thee, mightieſt CÆSAR! ſhe brought forth to light;
Who, of all Aſia victor, from the pow'rs
Of humbled India ſcreen'ſt the Roman tow'rs.
Prolific Parent, hail! for thee I raiſe,
Saturnian Land! themes full of art and praiſe,
And, daring to diſcloſe the ſacred ſpring,
Aſcræan ſtrains through Roman cities ſing.

Of ſoils the genius we muſt next declare;
The ſtrength, the colour; what each beſt will bear.
Firſt ſtubborn ſoils, and churliſh hilly grounds,
Where gravel in the ſhrubby lands abounds
Mixt with a meager clay, rejoice to raiſe
An olive-grove, that lives a length of days:

Groups of wild olives interſpers'd make known
The ſpot, and fields with ſylvan berries ſtrown.
But where the ground a ſweet'ning moiſture cheers,
And the fair plain in verdant pomp appears,
(Such as low valleys ſpread before the ſight,
When rivers, melting from the rocky height,
Feed them with ooze;) and, to the ſouth-wind bare,
Breeds ferns, deteſted by the crooked ſhare:
Here to your warmeſt wiſh in pride ſhall grow
Vines, whoſe ſwoll'n cluſters in full ſtreams ſhall flow;
Here the juice mellows, that in hallow'd hour,
When the puft Tuſcan's pipe has ceas'd, we pour
From golden goblets, as in chargers bent
The reeking loads we to the Gods preſent.

But ſhould the care of herds, or calves more pleaſe,
Or lambs, or kids tormenting tender trees,
Seek lawns afar on rich Tarentum's coaſt,
Fields, ſuch as hapleſs Mantua once could boaſt,
Feeding in moſſy ſtreams where ſwans are found:
Here herb for cattle, here clear ſprings abound;
And what in one long day the grazing train
Crop, a ſhort night's cool dew reſtores again.
A black glebe, fat beneath the preſt plough-ſhare,
Of texture, ſuch as we by art prepare,

Is beſt for corn: (returning from no plains
The ſlow-pac'd oxen drag more loaden wains;)
Or whence th' indignant hind has fetch'd the wood,
And fell'd the groves, that uſeleſs long have ſtood;
And grub'd the birds' old manſions: in affright
Quitting their neſts they wing'd their airy flight.
Torn by the ſhare ſoon brightens the rough land:
For of the ſteepy country the lean ſand,
And toph, and chalk gnawn by the ſnaky brood,
Scarce to the bees lend dew, and meaneſt food:
For ſweet repaſt, and winding ways, no place
Is half ſo grateful to the ſerpent-race.
Lands, that exhale light vapours, and receive
Moiſture at pleaſure, and at pleaſure give,
Their own green liv'ry that perennial wear,
Nor foul with ſcurf and ruſt the ſhining ſhare,
Will teach the Vine her elm to curl around
With wanton tend'rils; theſe with oil abound,
The freſheſt graſs for cattle theſe allow,
And bear the labours of the crooked plough.
Such are the fields rich Capua's peaſants till,
And ſuch the region round Veſevus' hill,
And meads, that Clanius laves, whoſe fury falls
Oft on Acerra's deſolated walls.

Next the diſtinctive marks of ſoils I'll ſhow:
Would you a ſubtile from a denſe glebe know?
(One favours vines, and one the golden grain,
The ſubtile Bacchus, Ceres the denſe plain:)
A ſpot ſelected, ſink a pit profound,
Then back replace the dirt, and tread the ground:
Should mould be wanting, the ſoil looſe declare,
And flocks will fatten, and vines flouriſh there:
But if the rubbiſh it's old ſeat diſdain,
And, the trench fill'd, redundant mould remain,
With ridgy clots expect a ſluggiſh ſoil;
Here, harneſt to the yoke, let ſtout ſteers toil:
But earth, that planters ſalt and bitter name,
Churliſh to corn, and what no plough can tame,
Alike unfit to propagate the kind
Of grapes and apples, by this mark you'll find:
Baſkets with twigs well-woven firſt provide,
And wine-preſs ſtrainers, in the ſmoke long dry'd,
Snatch from the roofs; in theſe the bad mould fling
Heap'd high, and drench'd with water from the ſpring:
Soon thro' the wicker, ſtruggling to be free,
The liquid trickling in large drops you'll ſee;
The ſavour will detect itſelf now plain,
And the ſhockt Taſter writhe his mouth with pain.

The

The greazy ſoil this token will betray;
Squeez'd in the hand it crumbles not away,
But pitch-like clammy to the fingers clings:
In the moiſt ground rank graſs luxuriant ſprings;
O! be not mine ſo fertile, nor appear
It's ſtrength too forward in the early ear!
The heavy ſpeaks itſelf, nor leſs the light:
Colours are all diſcernible at ſight:
The cold ſoil ſhuns the ſearch; unleſs the yew,
Fir, or black ivy point it to the view.
Regardful of theſe precepts, timely bake
Your ground, and trenches in the great hills make;
Ere the glad vine you plant, the glebe to bare,
And lay it leaning to the northern air.
To none yield lands, that boaſt a crumbling mould,
Effect of drying blaſts, and froſty cold,
And of the drudging Digger's ſkilful pains:
They, to whoſe heed no taſk undone remains,
Reſt not, till ſoils quite ſimilar they ſee,
In one to rear, in one tranſplant the tree,
Leſt a ſtrange parent the new nurſling find:
Yet more, they print the aſpect on the rind,
To each it's former ſtation to reſtore;
Mark, on what ſide the ſouthern heats it bore,

What parts were open to the Boreal rage:
So ſtrong is habit's force in tender age.
Conſider firſt, if it be better found
To plant on hilly, or on level ground:
If you a plain prefer, in thick ranks ſow;
Vines not leſs fertile in thick ranks will grow.
But if a wavy ſurface claim your care,
And ſloping ſteeps, 'tis beſt your ranks to ſpare:
Yet in exacteſt rows your trees deſign,
Each ſpace reſponding to the tranſverſe line.
As in th' embattled field we oft behold
The length'ning legion all it't files unfold;
From the dire conflict while the hoſts abſtain,
And Mars yet dubious roams the midmoſt plain,
The rank'd battalions ſtand expos'd to fight;
The wide field fluctuates with a brazen light.
So at juſt intervals arrange your trees;
Yet not alone a vacant mind to pleaſe,
But that Earth equally may feed each root,
And free in air the ſpreading branches ſhoot.
Aſk ye, how low the trenches ſhould be cut?
In a ſlight furrow I the vine would put;
Not ſo the Tree: the Tree delights to ſtretch
In earth more deep his fibres; chief the Beech:

High as to heav'n his towring top aſcends,
So low his root to hell's dark regions tends.
Hence on his ſtrength keen winters waſte their pow'r,
The roaring tempeſt, and the rattling ſhow'r;
Unmov'd he mocks their rage; nor knows decay
While men and generations paſs away:
On all ſides round his ſturdy arms diſplay'd,
He ſtands, and bears a mighty weight of ſhade.
Let not your vineyard toward the weſt incline,
Nor mix the hazel with your rows of vine:
The topmoſt ſhoots reject, and (ſuch the love
Of earth) take not your cuttings from above.
Beware your plants with blunted ſteel to wound,
Nor let wild olives creep into your ground.
Oft from the careleſs hinds a caſual ſpark
Falls, and, firſt lurking in the unctuous bark,
Catches the ſtem, then creeping up on high
Preys on the leaves, and crackles in the ſky:
From bough to bough the conqu'ring ruin ſtrays,
Reigns o'er the top ſublime, in one bright blaze
Wraps all the grove, and, thick with pitchy night,
Whirls duſky volumes up th' ethereal height:
Chief if, a ſtorm deſcending on the wood,
The winds before them urge the fiery flood.

To your ſcorcht trees no arts can life reſtore;
In vain you cut them, they return no more,
Nor riſe renew'd in verdure, once their own;
Unhurt the ſteril olive ſtands alone.

Aw'd by the counſels of the wiſe forbear
To ſtir the ground, while Boreas chills the air:
In vain you ſet; faſt-bound by Winter's hand
No root can faſten in the frozen land.
Then plant your vines, when in the youthful year
Loath'd by long adders the white birds appear;
Or when the cold autumnal heats ſucceeds,
Nor yet has Winter felt Sol's panting ſteeds.
In ſpring the groves, in ſpring the woods delight,
In ſpring ſwoll'n lands the genial ſeeds invite.
Then on his glad Wife's breaſt in fertile ſhow'rs
Himſelf th' all-potent Father Ether pours;
Mixt with the Mother in a vaſt embrace
The mighty Sire refreſhes all her race.
The lone brakes echo with the plumy quire,
And on ſet days herds burn with fierce deſire:
Earth bounteous teems; the fields their boſom bare
To the kind warmth of Zephyr's balmy air:
A ſubtile moiſture wide prevails: the land
Dares to new ſuns her verdant veſt expand:

Nor

Nor then the Vine dreads Auſter's threat'ning pow'r,
Or, by rough Boreas driv'n, the weighty ſhow'r;
But all her gems, and all her leaves diſplays:
Such was, I truſt, the brightneſs of the days,
In the ſame tenour the ſoft ſeaſon ran,
When in it's firſt weak growth the world began:
Yes, ſpring was then: o'er the vaſt globe ſpring reign'd,
And baneful Eurus his bleak blaſts reſtrain'd;
What time the flocks light's liquid luſtre cheer'd,
And from the flinty earth with head uprear'd
Burſt forth Man's iron breed, and ſtars were ſent
To ſhed their radiance o'er the firmament,
And ſavage beaſts the foreſt-walks to range:
Nor could Creation yet have born the change,
Had there of heat and cold no reſpite been,
Nor the fields foſter'd by a ſky ſerene.

Next when you force your ſprigs into the ground,
Sprinkle fat dung, and heap the mould around:
In earth about them ſpongy pebbles hide,
Or rugged ſhells: between them ſtreams will ſlide
To feed the feeble fibres, and diffuſe
Round the young plants invigorating dews.
Nor are there now ſome wanting, who have thrown
Above a weight of ſhards and pond'rous ſtone,

A ſure protection 'gainſt the ruſhing rain,
Or when hot Sirius cleaves the gaping plain.
Soon as your ſets are plac'd, the glebe raiſe high
About the roots, and hard-tooth'd drags apply,
Or, winding oft the leafy rows between,
Yok'd to the plough let ſtruggling ſteers be ſeen.
Smooth reeds and ſtakes of aſh be then your care;
And ſpears of poliſh'd rods, and forks prepare,
To prop, and teach them to creep ſtage by ſtage
Up the tall Elm, and brave the tempeſt's rage.
In youth's firſt growth, their ſhoots juſt ſpringing,
Their tender years; and while in open air [ſpare
The bough luxuriant runs with looſen'd rein,
From the ſharp pruning-hook a while abſtain;
Nip with your nail the ſhoots, and ev'ry ſpace
Clear from caſt leaves: but when with cloſe embrace
Strong round their elms the rambling tendrils twine,
Then ſtrip the foliage, lop the ſtraggling vine:
Till then they dread the ſteel: now let them know
Your pow'r's full force, and check the branchy flow.
To keep off cattle weave thick fences round;
Chief, while the ſaplings feel at ev'ry wound:
Beſide keen winters, and Sol's potent ray,
Of goats and buffaloes annoys the play;

And the ſheep nibble, and the kine devour:
Not half ſo harmful is the piercing pow'r
Of hoary froſts, or ſummer's ſcorching heat,
When on dry rocks the ſolar fervours beat,
As the ſharp venom of the browſing kind,
And the deep ſcar imprinted on the rind.
For this to Bacchus bleeds the goat, and Plays
Aſſume the buſkin'd pomp of ancient days:
The ſons of Theſeus to contending Bards,
Decreed in towns and public ways rewards,
And in mad mood with many a ſportive bound
Leap'd on oil'd bags along the graſſy ground.
Th' Auſonians too, a colony of Troy,
In uncouth metre give a looſe to joy:
In hideous maſks of hollow'd bark the throng
Invoke thee, Bacchus, in the feſtal ſong,
And hang for thee with images the pine:
Hence with full produce ſwells the bloomy vine;
With purple harveſts vallies, lawns abound,
Where'er the God has turn'd his viſage round.
To Bacchus' praiſe then hymns of honour ſing
In cuſtom'd verſe, and cakes and chargers bring;
Before the altar lead the goat, and there
On hazel ſpits the hallow'd feaſt prepare.

Yet more; one endleſs labour vines demand;
Oft ev'ry year to plough the planted land,
Ceaſeleſs with drags to break the mould, and free
Of her ſuperfluous leaves the cumber'd tree.
One round of toil employs the drudging ſwain,
And in itſelf the year rolls back again.
When her late honours now the vine has caſt,
And the ſtript foreſts felt the northern blaſt,
Ev'n then no vigilance the Ruſtic ſpares,
But to the coming year extends his cares,
With Saturn's ſickle plies the ſlighted trees,
And lops, and prunes, and forms them by degrees.
Dig you the firſt, the cuttings in a blaze
Firſt ſet, and homeward firſt bear back the ſtays,
But reap the laſt: twice ſhadowy leaves abound,
With tangling thorns twice weeds o'er-ſpread the ground:
Tireſome alike each taſk: do you commend
Extenſive vineyards, but a ſmall one tend.
The ſithe to reeds along the river's ſide,
And the rough twigs of Ruſcus, is apply'd;
Nor leſs wild willows your attention ſhare:
Now the well-order'd rows the hook forbear;
The Dreſſer, ſpent with toil, ſurveys his vines
Faſt-bound, and whiſtles near th' extremeſt lines:

Still

Still he muſt cleave the clods, ſtill ſtir the plain;
And for the ripen'd cluſters dread the rain.
Not olives thus: no culture they demand:
When once they 've fixt their fibres in the land,
And once the changes of the weather born,
Harrows, and pruning hooks alike they ſcorn.
Open'd by drags Earth largely feeds the roots,
And furrow'd loads the bending boughs with fruits.
Thus with fat olives, lov'd of Peace, you deal:
And apples, when the ſturdy trunks they feel,
Proud of ſtrength all their own, that inſtant riſe
Diſdaining aid, and ſhoot into the ſkies.
Nor leſs the woods their weighty branches ſhow,
And ſylvan brakes with ſanguine berries glow.
The ſhrub is ſhorn: from foreſts torches come,
And late fires glimmer through the nightly gloom
With ſtreamy ſplendors: and does Man recoil?
Doubts he to lend his labour to the ſoil?
But why ſublimer themes ſhould I purſue?
To brooms and willows ſome regard is due;
Whence browſe to cattle, ſhelter to the ſwain,
Sweets to the bee, and fences to the grain.
The pitchy groves of Naryx give delight,
And box-trees waving on Cytorus' height:

And the fair fields how grateful to behold,
Where no ſhare turns, no harrow marks the mould!
The barren woods of Caucaſus, that bear
The rage of Eurus, rent, and whirl'd thro' air,
For dwellings cedars, cypreſſes aſſign,
And for the veſſel lend the lofty pine:
Hence ſpokes for wheels are faſhioned by the ſwains,
Bent keels for ſhips, and rollers for the wains.
With leaves are elms, with twigs the willow ſtor'd;
Cornels fit inſtruments of war afford;
Stout ſpears the myrtle: yews their boughs beſtow
To form the flexure of th' Ityrean bow:
Nor the box, ſhaven by the turner's wheel,
Nor the ſmooth limes reſiſt the ſhaping ſteel.
Launch'd on the Po the foamy flood along
Floats the light alder: in ſwarms cluſt'ring throng
To hollow barks and rotten oaks the bees:
What gifts has Bacchus to compare with theſe?
Bacchus to violence has led the way:
Rhætus and Pholus periſh'd in the fray,
Fierce Centaurs both: Hylæus pour'd his ſoul,
As at the Lapithæ he aim'd a bowl.
Too happy ye, whom rural taſks employ,
Did ye the knowledge of your bliſs enjoy!

Far

Far from diſcordant arms the grateful ground
For you diffuſes competence around.
What tho' no palace proud from portals wide
Pours forth of viſitants the morning tide,
Tho' for no poſts with tortoiſe-ſhell enrol'd
Ye ſigh, no garments wanton'd o'er with gold;
Tho' the white wool no Tyrian poiſon ſoil,
Nor ſpice with fragrance taint the liquid oil;
Yet peace ſecure, yet days to guile unknown,
Leiſure with plenty, theſe are all your own;
The low of herds, clear lakes, and breezy glade,
Grots, and ſoft ſleeps beneath the bow'ry ſhade.
Nor want ye lawns, or thickets for the chace,
Or train'd to little a rough patient race,
Duty to Gods, and Parents: laſt with you
Aſtræa linger'd, ere ſhe quite withdrew.
  Me may the Nine, my firſt, my lateſt care,
With awful love whoſe myſteries I bear,
Lead thro' heav'n's radiant roads, the ſtarry way;
The lunar labours, Sol's defects diſplay;
Tell, by what force the ſwoll'n ſeas burſt the mound,
Then in themſelves ſubſide: what rocks the ground;
Whence wintry Suns ſo rapid roll the light
Down to the main; what ſtays the loit'ring night.

But ſhould theſe arduous longings be repreſt,
Life's chilly ſtream ſcarce creeping in my breaſt,
May rural ſcenes, thro' meads rills ſparkling pleaſe,
And woods, and rivers, in inglorious eaſe;
Where plains are ſeen, and Sperchius' winding wave,
And the proud hill, where Spartan virgins rave:
In Hæmus' cooly vales, O! were I laid,
Screen'd by the ſweep of ſome high-arching ſhade!
  Happy the Man, whoſe penetrating mind
Of things the latent cauſes firſt could find,
He, who all terrors, ruthleſs Fate could quell,
And the dire din of all-devouring Hell!
Bleſt too, who knew the Gods, that haunt the plain,
Pan, old Sylvanus, and the Dryad train;
Unmov'd by purple pride, the rods of ſtate,
Or faithleſs brethren rous'd to mutual hate,
Or Rome, or kingdoms ſinking to decay,
Or from leagu'd Iſter his reſiſtleſs way
The Dacian burſting: nor for others' ſtore
Fed he a wiſh, or ſorrow'd for the poor.
The boughs he lighten'd of their luſcious load,
And pull'd the fruits, the willing fields beſtow'd:
Stranger to ſtrife he felt no griping law,
Nor the mad rabble of the Forum ſaw.

Some

Some ruſh to battle, vex with oars the deep,
Or in the courts of Kings inſidious creep;
For cups of gem, and quilts of Tyrian die,
Others remorſeleſs looſe each public tie:
On hoarded treaſures theſe ecſtatic gaze,
Thoſe eye the Roſtra, ſtupid with amaze:
This for the theatre's applauding roar
Sighs: with the blood of brothers ſprinkled o'er
From their dear homes to exile others run,
And ſeek new ſeats beneath a diſtant ſun.
The buſy husbandman has turn'd the ſoil
With his bent ploughſhare: hence his annual toil;
His country, children profit by his pains;
Hence he his herds and uſeful ſteers maintains.
No pauſe he knows: or teems the bounteous year
With fruits, or cattle, or the bearded ear:
The plenteous produce loads the furrow'd land;
The granaries burſt: cold winter is at hand;
The pounding preſs now Sicyon's berries feel;
Glad to their ſties the ſwine full acorn'd reel.
The woods give arbutes; autumn-fruits abound,
And mild grapes ripen on high ſunny ground.
Their fathers' neck the fondling train embrace:
And Virtue's ſelf protects the blameleſs race.

With dugs diſtended ſtrutting kine are ſeen,
And the fat kids friſk butting on the green.
Stretcht on the graſs himſelf on feſtal days,
As with crown'd goblets by the brightning blaze
His comrades ſtand, Lenæus! calls on thee,
Pouring libation large, and hangs a tree
With prizes for the ſwains, the dart who fling,
And bares the wreſtlers for the ruſtic ring.

Such was the life th' Etrurians, Sabines led;
Thus Remus and his Brother once were bred;
Rome by theſe arts the world's great wonder roſe,
Proud her ſev'n hills with ramparts to encloſe;
And ere Dictæan Jove commenc'd his reign,
Ere impious mortals heap'd with oxen ſlain
The genial board, a life of rural eaſe
In golden days ev'n Saturn's ſelf could pleaſe:
No brazen trump had learn'd men's ears to wound,
Nor ſwords on anvils ſent a clatt'ring ſound.

But ſuch a vaſt career ſome reſpite needs,
And the time calls to looſe the ſteaming ſteeds.

THE

THIRD BOOK

OF THE

GEORGICS.

THE

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GEORGICS.

BOOK

III.

YOU, mighty Pales! and Amphryſian Swain,
Worthy of mem'ry! now invite my ſtrain;
Ye woods too of Lycæus, and ye ſtreams!
Grateful to vacant minds all other themes
Are hackney'd quite: of harſh Euryſtheus' hate
Who has not heard? the ſtripling Hylas' fate?
Who knows not the diſprais'd Buſiris' deeds,
Latonian Delos' tale, and him, in ſteeds
Unrivall'd, whom Hippodame could charm,
Pelops, illuſtrious for his ivory arm?
I too from earth to lift myſelf will try,
And on the wings of Fame adventurous fly:

Yes,

Yes, firſt of Romans, ſhould long life be mine,
From their Aonian mount I'll lead the Nine,
Returning home, and, Mantua! firſt to thee
Triumphant bear the palm of victory.
Yet more; of marble I'll erect a fane
Cloſe by the water on the graſſy plain,
Where the vaſt Mincius in meanders loſt
Creeps ſlow, and ſhades with ruſtling reeds the coaſt.
In the mid temple CÆSAR ſhall preſide,
God of the dome: myſelf, in purple pride,
Victor, to him will whirl along the ſtrand
An hundred cars: all Greece at my command
Molorchus' groves and Alpheus ſhall forſake,
And of the race and ceſtus here partake.
With the clipt olive's twine my temples bound,
I'll bring the prizes to the liſted ground:
Ev'n now tranſported to the ſhrine I lead
The ſolemn pomps, and ſee the victims bleed,
See a new front the ſhifting ſcene unfold,
And pictur'd Britons the rich veils uphold.
With gold and ivory where the portals ſhine,
Of Ganges' ſons the battle I'll deſign,
And of Quirinus the victorious arms:
Here too Nile, foamy with wars dire alarms,

Rolling

Rolling with ample ſweep, ſhall ſtrike the eyes,
And of the naval braſs tall columns riſe;
With theſe Niphates routed be expreſt,
And all the vanquiſh'd cities of the Eaſt;
The Parthians, confident in flight, who pour
On their purſuers a ſharp arrowy ſhow'r;
From two Foes trophies wreſted with his hand,
And nations twice ſubdu'd from either ſtrand:
And breathing ſtatues, Parian ſtones, the race
Of great Aſſaracus, ſhall gild the place,
Heroes, from heav'n's high King who fetch their line,
Tros, and of Troy the Architect divine.
Envy accurſt Cocytus' pool ſevere,
And the fell rage of tort'ring fiends ſhall fear,
The ſtone's unconquer'd toil, and dread to feel
Ixion's twiſted ſnakes, and whirling wheel.
Meanwhile, MÆCENAS! let us (for you lay
No light injunctions) urge o'er lawns our way,
Pierce the deep Dryad-haunts, untouch'd before:
In vain, by thee unaided, would I ſoar:
Riſe then, my friend! Cithæron calls us; riſe!
Taygetus' fleet beagles rend the ſkies;
Tamer of horſes Argos joins the ſound;
The mingled roar aſſenting woods rebound.

Smit with th' Olympic palm who courſers feeds,
Or ſturdy bullocks for the ploughſhare breeds,
Muſt mark the mothers; and firſt chooſe a cow,
That ſpreads a brawny neck, of torvous brow,
Of head uncouth, and from whoſe chin he ſees
Looſe dangling dewlaps trembling at her knees:
Then her ſide long and large; all vaſt of ſize:
Her foot too, and her ears, that briſtly riſe:
Nor one with white ſpots dappled would I ſcorn,
Shy of the yoke, and churliſh with her horn;
A bull in face, that lofty in her gait
Trails on the ground her tail in ſweepy ſtate.
Lucina and the nuptial rites they ſhun,
Till his fourth annual progreſs Sol has run;
The ninth year ends their pains; the reſt allow
Nor plight nor ſtrength for breeding, or the plough.
Indulge the males with liberty betime,
While your herds frolick in youth's wanton prime:
Soon give the cattle love's delights to try,
The ſinking race attentive to ſupply
With a perpetual ſtock: life's better day
From all of mortal birth firſt flits away,

Diſeaſe

VER. 61.] The juſt ſuſpicions raiſed by Mr. HURD concerning the three concluding lines of the Introduction have induced the TRANSLATOR to paſs them over in ſilence. See note on ver. 16. of Hor. Epiſt. to Aug.

Diſeaſe ſucceeds, and ſad-repining Age,
Pain, and of rav'ning Death the ruthleſs rage.
Some to diſplace you'll never fail to find;
Then ſtill be watchful to recruit the kind;
And not to feel your fault in time of need,
Prevent your loſſes by an annual breed.

Nor in the choice of horſes leſs appears
The ſkilful taſk: chief from their tend'reſt years
Let thoſe engage your pains, on whom you place
The pride and promiſe of the future race.
Of gen'rous Sire the colt with graceful gait
Shifts his light legs, and treads with ſtep elate;
The firſt to lead, the river's roar eſſay,
And o'er the bridge untry'd to tempt his way;
Nor heeds he vain alarms: of ſharp ſhort head,
Lofty his neck, his back of ſinewy ſpread;
His paunch contracted; his bold breaſt diſplays
Luxuriant ſwells in many a fleſhy maze.
Good ſteeds a bright bay boaſt, and blueiſh gray;
A white and dun the very worſt betray.
If from afar the clang of arms he hears,
Reſtleſs he ſtarts, erects his quivering ears;
Tremble his limbs; beneath his noſtrils wide
Collected circles a pent fiery tide:

On his right ſhoulder floating looſe reclines
His buſhy mane: along his loins two ſpines
Extend to view; his deep hoof ſcoops the ground,
And the hard horn ſends forth an heavy ſound.
Such Cyllarus, reluctant to the rein,
By Pollux broken; and, in Grecian ſtrain
Fam'd, the fierce courſers of the God of war:
And ſuch the ſteeds, that whirl'd Achilles' car;
Thus look'd great Saturn's ſelf on Pelion's height,
When at his wife's approach he ſped his flight;
Down the God's neck a mane devolving hung,
And with ſhrill neighings all the region rung.
Worn with long years, or by diſeaſe depreſt,
Keep him from ſight, and let his age find reſt:
Cold to love's joys he drags a dull delight;
And ſhould he venture on the amorous fight,
The frigid ſtallion, like a ſtubble fire,
Gives a ſhort flaſh of impotent deſire.
Chief then their age and vigour mark with care,
And let their other gifts your notice ſhare,
And parent-ſtock; how victor in the race
Each feels the praiſe, how vanquiſh'd the diſgrace.
Seeſt thou? when from the goal the chariots pour,
And in the rapid ſtrife the plain devour;

Their

Fond hopes of glory flush the youthful train;
Their hearts leap high; fear beats in ev'ry vein;
Prone o'er their steeds the twisted lash they ply,
Give all the rein; the glowing axles fly:
Now low on earth, now lifted from the ground
Aloft they spring, and seem thro' air to bound;
Rise the red sands in clouds; no stop, no stay;
Close-prest the leaders of the dusty way
Steam with their followers' foam: so fierce a flame
Prompts them to conquest; such the lust of fame.

First Erichthonius to the chariot broke,
And boldly join'd four horses to the yoke,
O'er all the racers victor in his speed:
The Lapithæ next rein'd, and back'd the steed;
Taught him to wheel, in stately march to round
The circling paw, and proudly spurn the ground.
Arduous each labour; both alike require
A youth of eager pace, and full of fire:
Else it imports but little, tho' in fight
He oft has forc'd th' opponent hosts to flight,
Epirus or Mycenæ tho' he boast,
And ev'n in Neptune's self his line be lost.

Observant Riders to these rules attend;
And in fit season with firm fat distend

Him, of the herd, whom leader they ordain,
The titled huſband of the ſofter train.
For him the juicieſt graſs they cut with care;
Freſh water miniſter, and corn prepare,
Leſt his ſtrength languiſh in the lax embrace,
And the frail offspring ſpeak the ſire's diſgrace.
The females, when luſt prompts them firſt to taſte
The well-known bliſs, with abſtinence they waſte,
Refuſe them fodder, drive from ſprings by force,
Oft ſhake, and tire them in the midday courſe,
When the floor groans beneath the threſher's flail,
And light chaff flits before the riſing gale:
With this intent, leſt luxury ſhould ſpoil
The fatt'ning furrows of the genial ſoil;
But that with thirſty fervours it may feel
The joy, and in it's laſt receſs conceal.

The time approaches, when, once more the ſire
Forgot, the mothers all thy care require;
Some months paſt o'er, as big they roam the plain,
Beware to yoke them to the weighty wain,
O'er the broad path permit them not to leap,
Float in the flood, or o'er the meadows ſweep:
Let them in op'ning glades near ſtreams be ſeen,
Where moſs and herbage clothe the banks with green,

Where

Where cooly caves afford a ſhelt'ring ſeat,
And rocks o'er-arching ſcreen them from the heat.
Near ſhady Silarus, and Alburnus, crown'd
With verdant holm-oaks, many a fly is found,
Aſilus call'd; ſo known to Roman fame;
The Greeks to Oeſtros have now chang'd the name:
Whizzing he ſtings; the cattle with affright
Forth from the foreſts ruſh with rapid flight;
Repeated bellowings rend the madding ſky;
Tanager's thirſty ſhores, and all the woods reply.
With this did Juno, ſtudious to torment
Th' Inachian heifer, her fell fury vent.
Drive too this monſter from the pregnant herd,
And (for in noon-day heats he moſt is fear'd)
Feed them, when eaſtern ſkies firſt bluſh with light,
Or when the twinkling ſtars lead the cool night.

On the new-born your care you next muſt place:
With ſearing irons note their ſorts, and race;
Whom you ſelect to propagate the breed,
Whom at the altars you reſerve to bleed,
Or whom you purpoſe at the ſhare to toil,
And into broken clods cleave the rough ſoil.
Calves, that to rural taſks you mean to train,
(The reſt unheeded crop the verdant plain)

Inſtruct betime, and manage, while with eaſe
Youth's pliant temper takes what forms you pleaſe.
Firſt on their necks looſe oſier-hoops ſuſpend;
Next, taught by uſe to ſervitude to bend,
Bullocks well coupled, by the collars ty'd,
Join, and compel them to pace ſide by ſide.
With the void orb oft let them make eſſay,
And with light footſteps print the duſty way:
Laſt let the axle groan beneath the load,
And the pole drag the wheels along the road.
Meanwhile a ſtronger food your wild ſteers need
Than the green herbage, or the wat'ry weed,
Or willow browſe: for them the bearded grain
Crop with your hand, and give the young to drain
Their dams' ſwoll'n teats, nor, as in days of yore,
In full pails empty all their milky ſtore.

But if to martial troops your genius guide,
Or with ſwift wheels by Alpheus' ſtream to glide,
And in th' Olympic grove to whirl the car,
Inure your ſteed to arms, and din of war;
Teach him unmov'd the ruſtling reins to hear,
The trump, and wheel rough-rattling in his ear,
Touch'd with his maſter's blandiſhments to ſtand,
And court the plauſive ſtrokings of his hand.

Of

Of theſe an early trial muſt he make,
When firſt his dam you force him to forſake;
Let him to ſoft thongs yield his mouth, of years
While raw, yet weak, yet trembling, full of fears.
Three ſummers paſt, and now the fourth begun,
Strait let him learn the mazy round to run,
In meaſur'd march ſonorous bound, in ſtate
Shift his quick-glancing legs, and labour in his gait;
Then brave the winds in ſwiftneſs, o'er the plain
Urge his free flight, unconſcious of the rein,
His light hoof leaving ſcarce a print behind:
So pours from Scythian coaſts the denſe North-wind;
Scatter'd in air clouds, ſtorms, before him fly;
The floating fields, and tall crops waving high
Roughen; the foreſts ruſtle; with long ſweep
Preſs to the ſhore the billows of the deep;
O'er land, o'er ſeas, he drives with winged ſpeed:
Form'd for the ring of Elis ſuch a ſteed
Churning red foam will panting grace the goal,
Or with ſoft neck the Belgic chariots roll.
Now is the time, when, tam'd with proper care,
Your colts may riot in abundant fare;
Pamper'd too ſoon they riſe in rage, unfit
To bear the ſcourge, and heed the galling bit.

But whether bulls or horſes aſk your pains,
No induſtry their vigour more maintains,
Than to avert the ſtings of madd'ning love:
Hence bulls to lonely paſtures they remove,
Screen'd by ſome mountain's interpoſing ſide,
O'er rivers broad; or cloſe in ſtables hide.
They pine, they burn, the female in their ſight;
No thoughts of grove or herbage now delight:
Oft by ſweet blandiſhments and coy delay
She ſtirs the haughty rivals to the fray:
The beauteous heifer browſes in the wood:
For her, their limbs beſmear'd with black'ning blood,
With mighty force the combatants engage,
And wounds on wounds are dealt with mutual rage;
Each at his rival drives with thund'ring ſound
His horns; the bellow woods and ſkies rebound.
The conflict o'er, that inſtant part the foes;
Far to ſome unknown coaſt the vanquiſh'd goes,
A baniſh'd vagrant, his diſgrace deplores,
And, the proud victor's gift, his ſmarting ſores;
Nor moaning leſs his unreveng'd loſt loves,
With look retorted on the ſtalls, removes
From his paternal realms: with ceaſeleſs care
His ſtrength he tries by practice to repair,

And,

And, with rough leaves and prickly ruſhes fed,
Repoſes nightly on a flinty bed;
Oft makes eſſay, and, butting at ſome bole,
Vents on his horns the anguiſh of his ſoul,
Waſtes on the empty winds his random might,
And paws the ſands, preluding to the fight.
His pow'rs recruited, he now haſtes to go,
And headlong ſprings on his forgetful foe.
As when a billow, whitening by degrees,
Heaves up his ſwelling boſom from the ſeas,
Rolls to the land o'er rocks with hideous roar,
And like a mountain daſhes on the ſhore;
Whirl'd round the water at the bottom glows,
And a black gravel to the ſurface throws.
Nor they alone: but beaſts that haunt the woods,
The painted birds, the people of the floods,
Cattle, and men, to frenzy and to flame
Start wild: Love's empire is in all the ſame.
The lioneſs, regardleſs of her young,
Ne'er roam'd the plain with fiercer fury ſtung;
Nor bears deform ſo many deaths ſpread round,
And with ſuch carnage ſtrow'd the foreſt-ground.
Then moſt the boar, then moſt the tiger dread:
How dan'grous then the Libyan waſtes to tread!

Seeſt thou the horſe? his frame what tremblings ſeize,
If the known ſcent come wafted by the breeze!
His rage nor bits, nor tort'ring whips, reſtrain;
Rocks interpoſe, and caverns yawn in vain;
Nor rivers, whirling mountains in their courſe,
Check, as they roll between, his frantic force.
Ev'n the Sabellian boar with grunting ſound
Forth ruſhes, whets his fangs, and thumps the ground,
Rubs 'gainſt a knotty tree each briſtly ſide,
And hardens for th' approaching fight his hide.
What does the youth, who feeds in ev'ry vein
Love's ſcorching fires? all night the troubled main
Darkling he ſwims; from heav'n's gate thunders roll,
Seas daſh'd on rocks his raſh attempt control:
Not ev'n his wretched parents can diſſuade,
Nor, to a ſad death doom'd, the deſp'rate maid.
How then are Bacchus' ſpeckled beaſts inclin'd,
Ounces? and dogs, and the keen wolfiſh kind?
Stags too, a timorous tribe, what wars they wage?
But above all of mares exceeds the rage;
So Venus will'd, when with jaws red with gore
The Potnian team the limbs of Glaucus tore.
Not mountains, rivers, ſtop their luſtful flight,
Aſcanius' roar, nor Garg'rus' airy height.

Soon

Soon as in ſpring they feel the gliding flame,
(In ſpring a warmth new-thrills thro' all the frame)
Facing the weſt on ſome ſteep's pendent brow
They ſtand, and catch the breezes, as they blow;
Oft, without rites of Hymen, ſtrange to ſay!
By Zephyr pregnant, wing their rapid way
O'er rocks, o'er craggy cliffs, and deep low dales,
Not to Sol's riſing, nor bleak Eurus' gales,
Caurus, or Boreas, or whence ſouthwinds riſe,
And with chill vapours ſadden all the ſkies.
At length a clammy juice is ſeen to fall,
Which ſwains Hippomanes correctly call;
By ſtepdames gathered oft, when, fell of ſoul, [bowl.
With charms and temper'd drugs they've mixt the
But, while love's copious themes our courſe delay,
Time flits, irrevocably flits away.

For herds let this ſuffice: the woolly train,
And the rough race of goats, demand the ſtrain:
Labour not light: hence, emulous of fame,
Riſe ye, of huſbandmen who boaſt the name!
Hard taſk! to conquer theſe low themes by art,
Or grace and grandeur by mere words impart:
But pleaſing paſſion all my ſoul incites,
Rapt to Parnaſſus' unfrequented heights:

Yes;

Yes; to the proud retreats with joy I go,
There, where deſcending to the ſpring below
No poet's tread e'er mark'd the winding way:
Now, Pales! I muſt lift a loftier lay.
Firſt let your ſheep, till Spring returning ſpread
His verdant favours, in warm folds be fed:
And, leſt the cold the tender flocks moleſt,
And ſcurfy ſcab, and loathſome corns infeſt,
Let ſtraw with laviſh hand be ſtrown around,
And with fern cover all the flinty ground.
The ſhaggy goats (from ſheep to ſhift the theme)
Aſk but green arbutes and the running ſtream.
Fronting the wintry ſun let their cotes lie,
From winds, and open to the ſouthern ſky,
When at the cloſing year the wat'ry Sign
With drizzling urn now haſtens to decline.
Nor with leſs diligence your goats regard,
Nor deem your pains will meet a leſs reward,
Tho' proud Miletus coſtly fleeces vend,
Rich with the crimſon, Tyrian juices lend.
Their breed more numerous; hence their milky ſtore
Abundant ſwells; their udders eas'd, the more
Their frothy brims the teemful veſſels ſhow,
From their preſt teats a gladder ſtream will flow.

A ſhaggy veſt nor vainly do they bear,
Nor boaſt their chins an uſeleſs length of hair;
With their ſhorn briſtles camps are oft ſupply'd,
And ſailors find a raiment in their hide.
On brakes and buſhes of the mountain ground
Browſing, thro' thickets and on hills they bound.
Returning with their kids the female train
Lift o'er the threſhold their big dugs with pain.
The leſs your aid they call, do you with care
Screen them the more from cold and froſty air,
Food, and freſh twigs attentive to provide;
Nor all the wintry months your fodder hide.
Soon as the Zephyrs the glad ſummer lead,
In lawns and paſtures give both kinds to feed.
When firſt bright Lucifer ſalutes the view,
Crop the cool herbage, while the morn is new,
While the graſs whitens, and the dew is ſeen,
Grateful to flocks, beſpangling all the green.
When the fourth hour a parching thirſt ſhall bring,
And with ſhrill muſic all the copſies ſing,
To wells or pools be all your cattle ſent
In troughs to drink the limpid element;
But let them, panting in the midday heat,
Seek in ſome darkſome dell a ſafe retreat,

Where-

Where'er of ancient growth Jove's tree is found,
Stretching with ample ſweep his arms around,
Or blackeſt grove of thick'ning holm-oaks made
Frowns with the horrors of a ſacred ſhade.
Soon as the Sun ſinks downward in the main,
Give them ſweet water, and freſh food again,
What time cool Heſperus thro' temper'd ſkies
Gleams, and the Moon refreſhing dews ſupplies,
On vocal brambles linnets tune their throats,
And the ſhores echo with the halcyons' notes.

Why ſing of Libyan paſtures, Libyan ſwains,
And huts wide-ſtraggling in thin-peopled plains?
Oft day and night, a whole long month, flocks ſtray
Grazing, unſtall'd, a dreary length of way;
Proſpect immenſe! his all their Afric guide
Carries; his dog, his quiver by his ſide,
His houſe, his weapons, and domeſtic God:
As when, lab'ring beneath a cumbrous load,
March the keen Romans arm'd; their tents they rear,
And unawares before the foe appear.

Not ſo the race, who dwell in Scythian lands,
Where creeps Mæotis' wave, o'er yellow ſands
Where foamy Iſter's turbid torrents roll,
And, ſtretcht in length beneath the middle pole,

Proud

Proud Rhodope returns; the prudent hind
There keeps the cattle in cloſe ſtalls confin'd:
The fields no graſs, the trees no foliage boaſt;
Deep-hid in hills of ſnow, and bound in froſt,
Earth joyleſs lies; eternal Winter there
Reigns, and northwinds for ever chill the air.
Nor the pale gloom does Sol with golden ray
Diſpel, or when he climbs th' ethereal way
Rapt by his ſteeds, or when in weſtern waves
Gliſt'ring with red his headlong Car he laves.
On running rivers ſudden cruſts congeal;
The water's top ſuſtains the griding wheel;
Where the broad veſſels ſail'd, now waggons paſs;
This is the time, when oft burſt bowls of braſs:
The furry veſtures, their pinch'd limbs receive,
Stiffen: with ſteel the fluent wine they cleave.
The lakes one ſhining ſheet of ice extend;
From uncomb'd beards rough iſicles depend:
Perpetual ſnows fall fleecy on the land;
The cattle die: with rime thick-cover'd ſtand
Large ſteers; beneath new loads the cloſe-wedg'd deer
Torpid with tips of antlers juſt appear.
No toils inſnare them, and no dogs purſue;
Nor crimſon feathers, fluttering in their view,

Stir

Stir them with fears; by ſome near hand they're ſlain,
Puſhing againſt th' oppoſing pile in vain,
And braying ſad: the crew with clamorous cries
Glad to their home convey the proſtrate prize.
In ſubterranean caves the Natives, freed
From all alarms, a life of leiſure lead;
Oaks, and whole elms, roll'd on the hearth, they raiſe
In heaps, and ſet the fewel in a blaze,
And, while the night to pleaſure they conſign,
With barm and acid berries mimic wine.
Such are the men, unconſcious of control,
Who freeze beneath the Hyperborean pole,
Beat by Riphæan winds, and wrapt in veſts,
Tawny and rough, the ſpoils of ſhaggy beaſts.
If wool engage you, ſhun the prickly wood,
Caltrops and burs, and fly a joyous food:
With ſoft white fleeces chooſe your bleating care;
But, ſhould the maſter-ram be e'er ſo fair,
In his moiſt mouth if a black tongue be ſeen,
Inſtant reject him, and from all the green
Search out another, leſt the firſt deface
With duſk the whiteneſs of the future race.
'Twas thus, if tales may ſafely be believ'd,
Arcadian Pan, thee, Luna! once deceiv'd,

Lur'd

Lur'd by wool's ſnowy ſoftneſs; from the plain
To the thick grove he call'd, nor call'd in vain.
But milk who covets, Cytiſus muſt bring;
And in their cribs ſalt herbs and lotus fling:
Hence thirſt for water, hence their dugs diſtend;
And to their milk a briny taſte they lend.
Some from the dams withdraw grown kids, and fix
Cloſe to their noſes thongs ſet round with pricks.
What they at morn have milk'd, and what by day,
All night is preſt; what at Sol's ſetting ray,
And duſk of eve, is carry'd by the clown
At early dawn in veſſels to the town,
Or ſparingly with ſalt is ſprinkled o'er,
And for the wintry ſeaſon kept in ſtore.
Nor dogs deſpiſe; but with whey's richneſs feed
Swift Spartan whelps, and fierce Moloſſian breed:
Guarded by theſe your fold no wolves affright,
Th' inſidious Spaniard, nor the thief by night.
To rouſe wild aſſes with your dogs you'll go,
Trace the fleet hare, and urge the timid doe:
Oft with your hounds' loud howlings will you chace,
Driv'n from their dirty dens, the tuſky race;
Or o'er ſteep mountains with tumultuous cries
Preſs to the toils ſome ſtag of mighty ſize.

Perfume your ſtalls with cedar, and repel
With odorous gums the ſnake of noiſome ſmell:
Oft, dire of touch, beneath foul cribs, from ſight
The viper ſculks, and ſhudd'ring ſhuns the light;
Or, peſt of kine, the ſerpent on the ground
Squats, on the watch to fix the venom'd wound,
Sure friend to gloom of ſhelter and of ſhade:
Now, now, ye ſwains! with ſtones, with clubs invade
The monſter, ſtiff'ning to an horrid ſpire
His ſwelling neck, and with collected ire
Hiſſing dire threats: lo! now to earth he bends
His creſt, and, in the middle maim'd, extends
A length of looſen'd folds, and ſcarce with pain
Drags the laſt volumes of his ling'ring train.
A ſnake too in Calabria's woody vales
Lifts his proud breaſt, and writhes his gliſt'ring ſcales;
His parts beneath with large ſpots ſpeckled glow:
He, while from ſprings the burſting rivers flow,
While vernal dews, and Auſtral ſhow'rs abound,
Couches in ruſhy banks, or marſhy ground,
With ravening rage makes croaking frogs his food,
Or of the finny natives ſweeps the flood.
When the pool parches beneath ſultry ſkies,
And ſcorcht earth gapes, he rolls his reddening eyes,

Leaps

Leaps on dry land, by thirſt, and heat impel'd,
And chafes, and burns, and maddens round the field.
May I ne'er then by waving wood be ſeen,
Lolling at eaſe, or ſlumb'ring on the green,
What time, his old ſlough caſt, he ſhines again
In gloſſy youth, and glides along the plain,
And, leaving in his den his eggs or young,
Rears to the Sun his creſt, and darts his forky tongue.
Hear, by what ſigns diſeaſes are foretold,
And whence they riſe: the ſcab infeſts the fold,
When the ſoak'd pores have long imbib'd chill ſhow'rs,
And felt of brumal froſts the piercing pow'rs;
Or unregarded ſweat to hides freſh-ſhorn
Has ſtuck, and prickly briers the ſkin have torn.
For this in cleanſing ſtreams the Maſters lave
Their fleecy flocks: plung'd in the flaſhing wave
The ram along the current of the tide
Floats with wet curls: for this their new clipt-hide
Cautious they ſmear with oil's aſtringent lees,
Temper'd with living ſulphur; and to theſe
Add litharge, unctuous wax, black tar, and ſquil,
Rank hellebore, and pitch from Ida's hill.
But with ſuch inſtant eaſe no cure is crown'd,
As if with ſteel the ſore's ripe top you wound:

While from the peccant part the ſwains forbear
Their healing hands, and piouſly by pray'r
Seek ſuccour of the Gods, neglected thrives
The lurking taint, and by concealment lives.
But on the bones when pangs deep-gliding prey,
And feveriſh fervours waſte the ſtrength away,
It oft avail'd to ſooth the burning pain,
And lance between the hoof the bounding vein:
A remedy the Thracian Borderers prize,
And fierce Gelonian Rover, when he flies
To mountains, dreary deſarts, and with blood
Of horſes thicken'd ſwills the milky flood.
Far from her fleecy fellows ſhould a ſheep
To ſhady ſhelter oft be ſeen to creep,
Languidly liſtleſs the green herbage taſte,
Nibbling the tops, or loitering lag the laſt,
Feeding ſink on the plain, and at late eve
With ſolitary ſtep the paſture leave;
Check with your knife the threat'nings of the peſt,
Ere the dire venom ſeize th' unwary reſt.
Leſs frequent far, black harbinger of ſtorms,
The ruſhing whirlwind the vext main deforms,
Than Plagues unnumber'd on the cattle prey:
Nor ſingle bodies do they ſnatch away,

But folds entire with ruthleſs rage embrace,
The young, and old, and root out all the race.
This the proud Alps ſtill witneſs to the ſight,
And Noric caſtles on the hilly height,
Timavus' meads, wide deſolated plains,
And realms ev'n yet forſaken by their ſwains.
Here from ſick air a Plague once took her birth,
And thro' Autumnal heats wax'd hot on earth,
On cattle, beaſts of prey deſtruction ſpread,
And on the lakes and herb her poiſon ſhed.
Death ſtrange and new! when, circling thro' the heart,
The ſcorching thirſt had ſhrivel'd ev'ry part,
Ooz'd a lean liquor, that by ſlow degrees
Melted the bones, half-putrid with diſeaſe.
Oft in the middle of the rites divine,
As at the altar with the ſnowy twine
The Prieſts prepare the fillet to ſurround,
The victim, agonizing, to the ground
Drops; or before the ſhrine if timely led
By holy hands the ſacrifice had bled,
No flames aſpiring from the fibres riſe,
Nor can the Seer conſulted give replies;
The ſlaught'ring ſteel with blood is faintly ſtain'd,
And a thin ichor clouds the topmoſt ſand.

Hence in glad paſtures calves oft meet their death,
And at the teeming manger yield their breath.
Domeſtic dogs to madneſs hence incline;
Short wheezing coughs torment the ſickening ſwine,
Gaſping thro' ſtraiten'd throats: the victor ſteed,
Loſt to his former fame, forgets to feed,
Loaths the clear ſprings, with wild hoof beats the ground;
His ears fall; ſtarting there by fits is found
A ſweat, of clammy coldneſs when they die:
His rough ſkin to the touch feels hard and dry.
Such are the ſymptoms of the peſt's firſt ſtage;
But when progreſſive it begins to rage,
Then their eyes redden with a fiery glare,
With many a far-fetcht groan they pant for air;
Their low flanks, labouring with diſtending throes,
Heave; from their noſtrils black blood dribbling goes;
To their ſtuft jaws their parcht tongue clings: 'twas thought
Of uſe to drench them with wine's generous draught;
The ſole aſſiſtance deſp'rate Art could lend;
But this, ev'n this, prov'd fatal in the end:
With flames renew'd they burn'd, and (gracious Heav'n!
May to the good a better mind be giv'n!)

Frantic

Frantic and fell, ere life's laſt pow'rs were ſpent,
With their bar'd teeth their mangled members rent.
The ſteaming ſteer, as at the plough he ſtrains,
Sinks, and the ground with gory foam diſtains,
And ſends his laſt deep ſighs: the Ruſtic ſtrait
The bullock, penſive for his fellow's fate,
Unyoking, quits the place, oppreſt with care,
And in th' unfiniſh'd furrow leaves the ſhare.
No more in velvet meads a charm he finds,
Or grove's green umbrage, or the ſtream, that winds
O'er rocks, faſt-trickling to the plain, more clear
Than amber: flaccid, lo! his flanks appear;
Stiff in their ſockets ſtare his beamleſs balls,
Drooping to earth his nerveleſs neck low falls.
Say, to what end their ſervices, their toil?
Avails it, that they've turn'd the ſtubborn ſoil?
No wines, no rich repaſts e'er fir'd their blood;
Their drink, clear ſprings, and ſelf-reſining flood;
Leaves and green herbage are their ſimple fare,
And their ſound ſleeps unbroken by a care.
Then, and then only, in theſe regions, kine
Fail'd for the uſe of Juno's rites divine,
And buffaloes ill-pair'd, as Fame has told,
To the tall fanes the ſacred chariots roll'd.

Hence men with harrows cleave the clods with pain,
And with their nails ſcratch furrows for the grain,
And, ſtretching at the yoke, with creaking ſound
Drag loaden wains up the ſteep hilly ground.
No wolves now nightly take their wily way,
Prowl round the folds, and meditate their prey,
Their boſoms labouring with cares more ſevere:
'Mong men and dogs ſhy ſtags, and fearful deer
Now roam familiar: on the ſhore's edge caſt
The various natives of the wat'ry waſte,
Waſh'd by the wave, like ſhip-wreckt bodies, lie;
And, ſtrange to ſight! in rivers Phocæ fly:
With ſcales erect maz'd adders yield their breath;
Nor can her den the viper ſcreen from death:
Not their own element the birds can bear;
Headlong they fall, and leave their lives in air.
Yet more; a change of paſture gives no eaſe;
Succour implor'd but haſtens the diſeaſe:
Nor art, nor art's Profeſſors ought avail'd;
Chiron himſelf, and great Melampus fail'd.
Commiſſion'd from the ſhades of Stygian night
Springs pale Tiſiphone to realms of light;
Terror and Plagues precede: high and more high
Her head inſatiate ſhoots into the ſky.

The

The brooks, dry banks, and ſloping hills around
With bleating flocks and lowing herds reſound.
Now on whole ranks her fiercer fury falls;
Herſelf with putrid bodies piles the ſtalls,
Till on the foul diſſolving maſs they heap
Mould, and in trenches learn to bury deep.
Uſeleſs their hides; their morbid entrails brave
Alike the purging fire, and cleanſing wave.
Nor dare they the polluted fleeces ſhear,
Or touch the tainted web without a fear:
But whoſo once eſſay'd the loathſome veſt,
Saw burning bliſters all his limbs infeſt,
Rank with moiſt dew; nor long the Peſt delay'd,
But on the ſhrivel'd joints devouring prey'd.

THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

GEORGICS.

BOOK

IV.

HONEY, the gift of heav'n, aerial dew,
I Sing; MÆCENAS! deign this part to view:
Replete with wonder trivial things I'll trace;
The dauntleſs leaders, manners of a race,
The ſtudies, people, battles, I'll relate:
Slight is the ſubject, but the glory great;
If adverſe Deities my labour ſpare,
And with his aid Apollo crown my pray'r.
First for your bees a ſeat and ſtation find,
On every ſide impervious to the wind,
Elſe ſweets will load their little thighs in vain:
Nor let the wanton kids, and wooly train,

Friſk

Friſk on the flow'rs, or roving heifer bruiſe
The ſpringing herbs, and bruſh away the dews.
The merops and the ſpeckled lizard drive
With back all-ſcaly from the luſcious hive,
The plumy kind, and Prœcne, on her breaſt
That bears the marks of bloody hands impreſt:
Wide all around they waſte, and ravening ſeize,
To their keen young delicious food, the bees.
But near be moſſy pools, and clear founts ſeen;
May rills ſwift-trickling ſparkle thro' the green;
A palm, or olive ſpread his branchy arms
O'er their hive's portal; that, when firſt the ſwarms,
Led by new Kings, enjoy the ſunny hour,
And from their chambers the youth playful pour,
The bank may tempt them with a cool retreat,
And the tree's ſhade afford a ſhelt'ring ſeat.
In the mid water (if it ſtand, or flow)
Stones of large ſize, and tranſverſe willows throw,
To ſerve as bridges, where the bees may land,
And to the ſolar gleam their wings expand,
Should ſome late loit'rers rue bleak Eurus' blaſt,
Scatter'd, or whelm'd beneath the watry waſte.
Let verdant Caſia near the ſpot abound,
And ſtrong Serpyllum fling rich odours round,

Thymbra

Thymbra with rank perfume the region fill,
And beds of violets drink the limpid rill.
Whether your hives be form'd of cork-tree rind
Hollow'd and ſew'd, or pliant twigs intwin'd,
Contract their mouths; defence from colds and heats,
For theſe diſſolve, and thoſe congeal the ſweets;
Alike both dreaded by the buzzing train:
Nor deem, they toil with ductile wax in vain
To cloſe each chaſm, or vacant of deſign
With flow'r and fucus all the borders line:
Hence are their hives with hoards of glue ſupply'd,
Clammier than birdlime, or than pitch of Ide.
Oft ſcoopt in earth, (if true, what Rumour tells)
They've rear'd their families in latent cells;
Cluſt'ring in concave pumices have crept,
And in a tree's worn trunk their ſtation kept.
But of their hives do you each chinky pore
Smear with ſmooth clay, and ſtrow thin foliage o'er:
Too near their dwelling let not yew-trees ſtand,
Nor burn red crabs, nor truſt to fenny land,
Or where ſlime ſteams, or from ſome cavern'd rock
The voice reverberates with thundring ſhock..
Yet more; when Phœbus to the ſhades of night
Winter has chac'd, and with ſpring's op'ning light

All

All Ether brighten'd, iſſuing from their home
Strait with wild wing to woods and lawns they roam;
O'er purple flow'rets hang the pilf'ring throng,
And ſip the runnels, as they ſweep along.
Hence, thrilling with fine feelings, they impart
Food to their young: hence mould new wax with art,
And to a maſs tenacious form the ſweets.
Obſerve, when, ſwarming from their ſecret ſeats,
Floating in liquid air thick hoſts you find,
A murky cloud ſlow-moving with the wind,
Still to ſoft waters and the leafy bow'r
They tend; here ſhed an aromatic ſhow'r,
Bruis'd baum and vulgar honey-wort let fall,
And from the beaten cymbals tinklings call:
Lur'd by the ſcents they ſoon will ſettle there,
And, as they uſe, to their cloſe cells repair.

But ſhould they march to fight, (with loud alarms
For Diſcord rouſes oft two Chiefs to arms)
Long, ere they move, the mob their minds betray,
Their hearts thick-throbbing for the promis'd fray:
Quick'ning the ſlow a brazen din runs round,
And a voice mimics the trump's broken ſound.
Hurrying they throng, faſt-glance their gliſt'ring wings,
And with their beaks new-edge their pointed ſtings,

Fit

Fit their light claws, in crouds their King encloſe,
Circling his tent, and call aloud their foes.
Soon as the clear and cloudleſs ſkies invite,
Forth from the gates they ruſh, they mix in fight:
Air ruſtles wide; in one vaſt orb they're ſeen
Condens'd; their tumbling bodies ſtrow the green:
Not thicker falls the rattling hail; nor pours
From the ſhook oak the maſt in equal ſhow'rs.
Thro' the mid armies with conſpicuous wings
Flaſh, great of ſoul, tho' ſmall of ſize, the Kings;
Reſolv'd the fortune of the day to try,
Till the ſtrong victor force the weak to fly.
Toſs up a little duſt, the tumults ceaſe;
And all the fierce contention ſinks to peace.
Soon as the Chiefs ſhall from the field retire,
Let the worſe fall a victim to your ire,
A worthleſs waſter, and the public bane;
Alone, unrivall'd, let the better reign.
With gold all-ſpeckled, of majeſtic mien,
And gloſſy ſcales, ſuperior this is ſeen;
That foul with ſloth, inglorious thro' the throng
Drags languidly his bloated bulk along.
Nor leſs the ſubjects of two ſorts appear:
Some rough and filthy, like a Traveller,

Who

Who, from a ſandy ſoil eſcap'd, by fits
From his parcht mouth the gritty gravel ſpits:
Others with golden ſplendors lucid glow,
And, as they glance, with equal ſpangles ſhow
Their ſkins bedropt: this breed prefer; from theſe
In ſeaſon due ſweet honey you ſhall ſqueeze;
Yet not ſo ſweet, as flowing free and fine,
Of pow'r to tame the taſte auſtere of wine.

But when, their treaſures ſlighted, they repair
From their cool cells to ſport in fields of air,
Soon will you check their play, if from the Kings,
A taſk not difficult, you ſtrip the wings;
Not one will dare to fly, aw'd by their ſtay,
Or ſnatch the ſtandards from the tents away.
Let gardens lure, where ſaffron flow'rs exhale
Rich odours, wafted by the ſcented gale;
And with his ſithe Priapus guard the place,
Watchful of thieves, and all the feather'd race.
Their hives with thyme neglect not to ſurround,
And pines, tranſplanted from the hilly ground;
Nor bluſh to wear your callous hands with toil;
Set thriving trees, and water well the ſoil.

Did I not purpoſe ſoon, my wand'rings o'er,
To furl the ſails, and turn the prow to ſhore,

Haply the care of gardens I would here
Sing, and the roſe-beds, bloomy twice a year,
Of Pæſtum; celery's green banks deſcribe;
How they and endive ſparkling rills imbibe;
How cucumbers, as with curl'd ſtem they go
Crawling along the graſs, protuberant grow:
Nor of late leaves Narciſſus would paſs by,
Nor thee, Acanthus! twining to the eye;
Nor ſhory myrtle; ivy, pale of hue:
Yes; I remember, when before my view,
Beneath Oebalia's tow'rs, where yellow meads
With fatt'ning moiſture black Galeſus feeds,
An old Corycian came, with little bleſt;
Of land a few waſte acres he poſſeſt,
A ſpot, that render'd the vine's culture vain,
Unfit for flocks, nor arable for grain:
Yet he ev'n here white lilies planting round,
And potherbs ſcattering o'er the ſhrubby ground,
With poppy, vervain, added to his ſtore,
Deem'd that the wealth of Kings could give no more;
And, late returning from his daily care,
Heap'd high his homely board with unbought fare.
In Spring he firſt the flow'r, in Autumn firſt
He gather'd fruits; and, when ſtern Winter burſt

With cold the rifted rocks, and bound in froſt
The gliding flood, ev'n then no time he loſt;
But lopt th' Acanthus' foliage; nor would fail
To chide late Spring, and the ſlow weſtern gale.
Hence in abundant ſwarms and teeming bees
He firſt would glory; from preſt combs would ſqueeze
The frothy ſweets: limes grac'd his ſcanty field,
And numerous pines; nor Autumn ceas'd to yield
Of fruitage to his wiſh as full a ſtore,
As his rich boughs in earlieſt bloſſom bore.
Pear-trees, matur'd by age, he could diſpoſe,
And elms, of riper growth, in order'd rows,
And thorns with plums then bending, and the plane,
Of ſhade to ſhelter Bacchus' ſocial train.
But I forbear: confin'd in bounds too ſtrait,
I quit the theme for others to relate.

Now learn the genius of the buzzing kind,
A gift and recompenſe by Jove aſſign'd,
When of arm'd prieſts by tinkling cymbals led
In the Dictæan den Heav'n's King they fed.
With them all lies in common; they alone
Of houſe and children property diſown;
By ſettled laws direct their lives, and know
The joys a country and fixt ſeats beſtow.

They

They for the winter toil, while ſummer reigns,
And hoard for all the produce of their pains.
By pact theſe watch for food, a buſy crew,
And range the circuit; thoſe bark's viſcous glue,
Steept in Narciſſus' tear, arrange at home,
The firſt foundation of the future comb;
This done, the ductile wax they next ſuſpend:
Hope of the ſtate the riſing youth part tend;
Others the pureſt honey knead, and ſwell
With juice nectareous each diſtended cell:
Others by lot the portals guard, eſpy
By turns the clouds and vapours of the ſky,
Or from the comers take the loads, or drive,
In firm array embody'd, from the hive
The lazy drone: the waxen labours glow;
The breathing ſweets around rich odours throw.
As when in haſte the black Cyclopean band
Forge from the molten maſs the forky brand;
With bull-hide bellows theſe receive the blaſt,
And forceful ſend it; thoſe in water caſt
The metal hiſſing: Ætna gives a groan,
As the vaſt anvils on her back are thrown:
With mighty ſway their arms in time they raiſe,
And turn with tongs the red ore various ways.

Thus, to compare ſmall things with great, of gain
A love inſtinctive prompts the buzzing train,
Each in his function: thoſe of riper age
To guard the towns, ſecure the combs engage,
And plan the Dedal cells: fatigu'd with toil,
At late eve laden with the fragrant ſpoil,
The youth return: for food they range the field;
Try, what fat teils, what arbutes, Caſia, yield;
To ruddy ſaffron, hoary willows, fly;
And ſuck the hyacinth of purple die.
At the ſame inſtant all obey the hour
Of reſt and labour: from the gates they pour
At morn; no pauſe: and to their homes again,
When Veſper warns them from the foodful plain,
Haſte, and reflection take; an humming ſound
The throng'd hive's door and margin runs around:
Crept to their cells ſilence all night they keep,
And, their tir'd limbs repoſing, ſink to ſleep.
Nor will they far, a ſhow'r impending, ſtray,
Or, Eurus threat'ning, tempt th' ethereal way:
Beneath their walls for water they repair,
Short rambles try, and pebbles lift in air;
As tottering boats take ſand to ſtem the tide: [guide.
Thus poiz'd, thro' the void clouds their courſe they

But

But chief you'll wonder, that they ne'er are led
To the ſoft pleaſures of the genial bed,
Their ſtrength unwaſted by the lewd delight:
Nor are their young by throes brought forth to light.
From leaves and aromatic herbs the bees
With buſy beak the puny people ſeize:
A King, and ſmall Quirites they ordain;
Reſtore the palaces, and waxen reign.
Oft, as they roam, their wings on flints they tear,
And, ſelf-devoted, breath their lives in air,
Laden with ſweets: of flow'rs ſo ſtrong the rage,
So full does glory all their ſouls engage.
Yet, tho' their life be bounded by the ſpace
Of ſev'n ſhort ſummers, endleſs is the race;
The fortune of their houſe laſts firm thro' years,
And a long line of fires on fires appears.
Not Ægypt, nor the realms Hydaſpes laves,
Lydia of vaſt extent, nor Parthia's ſlaves
Eye with ſuch awe their King: while he remains
Safe in their ſight, a perfect union reigns;
Dead, all is anarchy: wild rage impels
To ſpoil the ſtores, and rend the wattled cells.
Director of their works rever'd he ſtands,
Hem'd on all ſides, the gaze of murmuring bands:

Born on their ſhoulders him in war they ſhield,
Court wounds, and periſh bravely in the field.
Mov'd by theſe marks of genius ſome opine
That bees are gifted with a ſpark divine,
Shot from the Soul ſupreme: for God, they ſay,
Pervades land, ocean, and th' ethereal way:
Hence beaſts, flocks, cattle, and the ſons of Earth,
All draw the vital principle at birth.
Diſſolv'd at length again all Beings roll
Back to their ſource: nor mortal is the ſoul,
But to her kindred Star each ſoaring flies,
Inſtinct with life, and mounts into the ſkies.
Preſume not to unlock their proud retreats,
Nor tempt a paſſage to their treaſur'd ſweets,
Till from full mouth you ſpirt a ſtream, and drive
With waving hand ſmoke in the peopled hive.
Twice they compreſs the turgid combs, twice reap
The luſcious ſtores; or, when, ſpurning the Deep
With ſcornful foot, the Pleiades uprear
On earth their lovely looks; or, ſtruck with fear,
Receding from the drizzling finny Sign,
Sad in the wintry waters they decline.
Of bees provok'd dire is the wrath; their dart
Diſtils a poiſon in the punctur'd part;

Unſeen

Unſeen the miſchief to the veins faſt clings,
And their lives iſſue, where they leave their ſtings.
But if an harſher winter you preſage,
And dread of future wants your thought engage,
Touch'd with their ſinking ſtate, and vigour ſpent,
Who would delay with thyme their hives to ſcent,
And the ſuperfluous wax to pare away?
For on the combs oft lurking lizards prey;
The cells with beetles ſwarm; the vacant drone
Feeds at his eaſe on dainties not his own;
The teaſing tribe of moths has rais'd alarms,
Or waſp intruded with unequal arms,
Or laſt Arachne, curſt with Pallas' hate,
Has hung with waving webs the darken'd gate.
Fear not to ſpoil them of their treaſur'd ſtore;
With keener pains they'll labour to reſtore
Their waſted wealth; the plunder'd combs with care
Fill, and from rifled flow'rs the rooms repair.
But ſhould they languiſh with ſome dire diſeaſe;
(For human ills are incident to bees;)
By ſureſt ſigns the ſickneſs may be ſeen;
The colour chang'd, the viſage lank and lean:
Forth from the cells are born th' infectious dead,
And with due rites the penſive pomp is led:

Or at their hive's throng'd door the feeble train
Cling, by their feet ſuſpended; or remain
Liſtleſs and languid in their chambers pent,
With cold all-torpid, and with famine ſpent.
Then deep and low a drawling hum runs round;
As in cloſe furnace ruſtling fires reſound,
As Auſter murmurs thro' the trembling trees,
As with the refluent tides whiz the vext ſeas.
But you with flamy gums perfume the place,
Nor fail by arts to rouſe the fainting race,
Lur'd from their ſtands on wonted ſweets to feed,
By honey, dripping thro' canals of reed:
Of galls the pounded ſavour proves of uſe,
Thyme too, dry'd roſes, wine's concocted juice;
With theſe the fetid centauries combine,
And mellow'd cluſters of the Pſythian vine.
Beſide, a flow'r there is, in paſture-ground,
Amellus call'd; the plant with eaſe is found;
For from one root ariſing you behold
Unnumber'd ſtems; itſelf ſhines bright with gold;
The leaves, around thick-ſprouting, to the view
Give the dark violet's empurpled hue.
With wreaths of this the altars oft are hung:
Chew'd in the mouth it roughens on the tongue:

By

By ſwains 'tis gather'd in the cloſe-cropt meads,
Where Mella his meand'ring current leads:
Let the roots, boil'd in odorous wine, be plac'd
Heap'd near the door, to bees a rich repaſt.
But on a ſudden ſhould your ſtock decline,
No hopes remaining of a future line,
Hear now th' invention of Arcadia's Swain;
How oft from putrid gore of bullocks ſlain
Bees were produc'd: the whole in order told,
Trac'd from the ſource it's glory, I'll unfold.
Where in Canopus' happy realms reſide
A people, cuſtom'd o'er their fields to glide
In painted ſkiffs, what time, above his ſhores
Riſing, Nile empties his redundant ſtores;
And where, deſcending from Ind's tawny ſons,
The River near the quiver'd Perſians runs,
And feeds green Ægypt with black oozy tides,
And ruſhing diverſe in ſev'n mouths divides,
All in this art's ſucceſs, the region round,
Conſtant confide: hence firſt a ſpot of ground,
Small and contracted, they ſelect; the place
With ſtraiten'd walls, and narrow roof, embrace:
Four windows from each quarter of the ſky
With rays of glancing light the room ſupply:

This

This done, of two years next they chooſe a ſteer,
Whoſe horns juſt curling o'er his front appear:
Forceful each avenue of breath they cloſe;
Of the dead beaſt the bowels, bruis'd by blows,
Diſſolve, the ſkin entire: beneath they ſpread
Of thyme, freſh caſia, and green ſprigs, a bed:
The body, thus diſpos'd, is left confin'd:
This they perform, when with the weſtern wind
The waves firſt ruffle; ere, by Spring new-dreſt,
The bloomy meads diſplay their various veſt;
Or ſwallow twittering, as ſhe wheels her flight,
Suſpends her dwelling on the rafter's height.
Meantime, fermenting in the ribs with heat,
The juices glow; and firſt, devoid of feet,
Inſects in wondrous ſort are ſeen; then throng
With ruſtling wings; and now, ſtrong and more ſtrong,
Tempt the thin air; till, as from ſummer-clouds
A rattling ſhow'r, they've burſt their way in crouds;
Or, from the twanging ſtring as arrows fly,
When the light Parthians the firſt onſet try.
Say, what God deign'd the ſecret to impart?
Say, Muſe! from what beginnings grew this art?

The plains of Peneus Ariſtæus left,
By pine, and ſickneſs, of his bees bereft;

At

At the ſtream's ſacred ſource the ſorrowing ſwain
Addreſt his mother thus in plaintive ſtrain.
Parent Cyrene! Parent! you, who haunt
This ſpring's deep bottom! why was I, who vaunt
Celeſtial lineage, (if, as you relate,
My Sire be Phœbus,) born the ſport of Fate?
Ah! where is now a Parent's tender love!
Why was I taught to pant for joys above?
Lo! this poor pride of fragile life, the laſt
And painful produce of my labours paſt,
To many a trial due, ev'n while I boaſt
A Goddeſs-mother, to my hopes is loſt.
Go! if thus weary of thy ſon's fair fame,
Go! blaſt my harveſts, wrap my folds in flame,
Root up my thriving trees, the vaſt axe wield
At my young vines, and fire my planted field.
Beneath the channel of the ſtream profound
The Parent-goddeſs heard the wailing ſound:
Circling her grot of Nymphs a buſy train
Comb'd fleeces, tinctur'd with cerulean ſtain:
Here Xantho, and Ligea ſhril of tone,
Drymo, Phyllodoce, ſit near the throne;
Down their white necks looſe flow'd their gloſſy hair:
Spio, Cymodoce, Neſæe, there:

Her yellow locks Lycorias here diſplay'd,
Near her Cydippe; this a ſpotleſs maid,
That freſh from the firſt pangs Lucina ſends:
Clio with Beroe the Queen attends,
Daughters of Ocean, gorgeous to behold,
Both girt with painted ſkins, both bright with gold:
Thalia, Opis, Ephyre: there was found
Deiopeia of the marſhy ground:
Swift Arethuſa, huntreſs now no more:
'Mong theſe was Clymene, recounting o'er
The loves of all the Gods from Chaos' reign:
On Vulcan's fruitleſs cares then ran the ſtrain,
Mars's ſweet theſts, and wanton wiles: the ſong,
Their ſpindles turning, charm'd the liſt'ning throng.
Again his mother's ear the ſhepherd's moan
Struck: in amazement on her cryſtal throne
Each Nereid ſat; firſt from her pearly bed
Rearing above the wave her yellow head,
Siſter Cyrene! Arethuſa cries,
Not without cauſe theſe wailing ſounds ſurpriſe:
Lo! hanging ſad o'er Father Peneus' deeps,
Your pride, your Ariſtæus ſtands, and weeps;
You, you he calls, and calls by name, unkind.
At this, new horrors ſeiz'd the mother's mind;

Hither

Hither conduct, conduct my ſon, ſhe ſaid;
This youth the threſhold of the Gods may tread.
Strait, to prepare his way, on either ſide,
As thus ſhe ſpoke, ſhe bade the floods divide:
Arch'd like a mountain roſe the waters round,
And in their boſom thro' the blue profound
Sent him ſecure: now crouding on his view
His mother's moiſt domains his wonder drew,
The leafy ſcenes, that ruſtle with the waves,
The lakes confin'd in ſubterranean caves:
Stun'd with the rapid roar diſtinct he ey'd
Beneath vaſt Earth the various ſtreams that glide;
Phaſis, Caïcus; deep Enipeus' ſource;
Whence Father Tiber firſt derives his courſe;
Whence Lycus flows, and Anio's currents ſtray;
And Hypanis o'er rocks burſts his rough way:
Whence too Eridanus, a bull in face,
Whoſe front two horns with golden ſplendors grace,
Than whom no River o'er the fertile plain
Pours with a tide more furious to the main.
Soon as the grotto, hung with pumice ſtone, [known,
The youth had reach'd, and his vain griefs made
For him the Nymphs freſh water from the ſpring,
And towels of clipt down, in order bring,

Replace

Replace full goblets, heap the board with meats:
The Altars burn with aromatic ſweets.
Of Lydian wine theſe bowls, the Goddeſs ſaid,
Take, and to Ocean a libation ſhed.
Strait ſhe invokes the Parent-god with pray'r,
Ocean, and ſiſter nymphs, of whom theſe ſhare
The charge of rivers, thoſe of ſylvan bow'rs:
Thrice liquid nectar on the fire ſhe pours;
Thrice to the roof the flames aſpiring ſhine:
Elate, and ſtrengthen'd by the proſp'rous ſign,
Thus ſhe begins: in the Carpathian tides
Cerulean Proteus, preſcient ſeer, reſides,
Who in his car the boundleſs level ſweeps,
By fiſhes drawn, and monſters of the deeps.
Emathia's ports, and his Pallene's bay,
He viſits now; to him we reverence pay,
Ev'n Nereus honours him: his eye can ſee
All, that once was, that is, and e'er will be;
The boon of Neptune, to his care who gave
His herds, and Phocæ wallowing in the wave.
Him firſt, my ſon, with fetters you muſt ſeize,
Ere he unfold the cauſe of the diſeaſe,
And aid the cure: no precepts he'll declare,
Unforc'd; nor deem to ſoften him by pray'r:

The

The God once ſeiz'd, his wiles to render vain,
Stretch ev'ry nerve, and ſtraiten ev'ry chain.
What time Sol brightens with a mid-day blaze,
And on the thirſty herbage pours his rays,
To the cool ſhade when panting flocks retreat,
Ourſelf will lead you to his ſecret ſeat,
Where you may take him, as with heat oppreſt,
Emerging from the flood, he ſinks to reſt.
But caught and bound by various ſhapes he'll try,
And forms of frightful beaſts, to cheat your eye:
Inſtant a lion's tawny mane he'll wear,
A boar now briſtle, now a tiger glare,
Now he'll devolve a dragon's ſcaly maze,
Or with ſharp crackle burſt forth in a blaze,
Or laſt in liquid lapſe your hold betray,
And ſo glide melting from your arms away.
The more he turns himſelf, the God withſtand
Firm and more firm, and torture ev'ry band;
Till chang'd he reaſſume the form, he wore,
When firſt you found him ſlumb'ring on the ſhore.
She ſpoke, and round him ſhow'rs ambroſial ſhed;
O'er all his limbs the fluid fragrance ſpread;
From his ſmooth'd ringlets breathing odours came,
And ſtrength with grace improv'd his ſuppled frame.

Scoopt

Scoopt in a mountain's ſide lies a vaſt cave,
Where by the driving blaſt the frequent wave
Daſhing ſplits back to many a winding bay,
Receſs to ſuff'rers on the watry way:
Within, ſcreen'd by a rock's o'er-arching height,
The God retires: here, ſhaded from the light,
The Nymph in ambuſh ſeats her ſon, and ſhrouds
Herſelf at diſtance in ſurrounding clouds.
On India's ſons now ſtream'd fierce Sirius' blaze,
And half the Globe had felt Sol's ſultry rays;
Parcht was the graſs; to mud the rivers turn'd
In thirſty channels to the bottom burn'd:
'Twas then the Prophet, riſing from the wave,
Sought the cool ſhelter of his cuſtom'd cave;
Scattering the briny dew the wat'ry throng
About him gambol'd, as he paſt along:
The Phocæ, baſking in the ſunny ray,
Stretcht diverſe on the ſtrand repoſing lay:
He, (like ſome herdman of the hills, who calls
Back from the field his cattle to their ſtalls,
The night-ſtar twinkling, while the lambs around
Bleat, and the wolves grow keener at the ſound;)
The midmoſt on a rock, his ſcaly train
Tells, not unnoted by the watchful ſwain:

Scarce had the Seer compos'd his limbs, with cries
The youth ſprings forth, and binds him, as he lies.
By ſhapes portentous ſtudious to evade
His wonted wiles the prophet calls in aid,
Chang'd to an hideous beaſt, a ſtream, a flame;
But when he found he toil'd with fruitleſs aim
To burſt his bonds, the figure of a man
Once more he took, and baffled thus began.
By whoſe beheſts, preſumptuous! art thou come?
Declare the cauſe, that brought thee to our dome.
Well, Proteus! well you know, rejoin'd the youth,
For who from Proteus can diſguiſe the truth?
But ceaſe your arts; my fortunes to reſtore,
Sent by the Gods, thy counſel I implore.
Thus he: the prophet with redoubled might
Writh'd round his orbs, that flaſh'd with azure light,
Gnaſhing his teeth tremendous, ere he ſpoke;
Then from his lips theſe fateful accents broke.
The Gods, the Gods purſue thee with their hate;
Of crimes like thine the penalty is great.
Orpheus, if adverſe Deſtiny's decree
Reſiſt not, calls down all theſe woes on thee;
(Far weightier woes thou well deſerv'ſt to bear:)
For his loſt wife he maddens with deſpair;

As near the river's ſedgy ſide ſhe ſtrove
To ſhun by flutt'ring flight thy lawleſs love,
The Fair devoted ſaw not in her way
A ſnake, that couching in the deep graſs lay.
The choir of Dryads for their ſiſter dead
Fill'd with wild wailings every mountain's head;
Lofty Pangæa wept her early fate;
Proud Rhodope, and Rheſus' martial ſtate;
A grateful tear the diſtant Getæ pay'd:
Hebrus, and Orithyia mourn'd the maid:
But he, to ſooth his ſorrows, warbled o'er
His woes, and lonely mus'd along the ſhore;
Thee, lovely Wife! he ſung, when from the main
The Sun aroſe, thee, when he ſunk again:
The mouth of Tænarus, Dis' gates profound,
He paſt, and grove with horror's gloom imbrown'd:
Ev'n to the Manes and dread King he went,
Accurſt with hearts, that know not to relent.
From Hell's remoteſt ſeats lur'd by his lay
Mov'd the thin Shades, and Ghoſts depriv'd of day;
Thick, as birds fly, when Veſper or a ſhow'r
From mountains drives them to the ſhelt'ring bow'r:
Matrons, and men, and boys, a lifeleſs throng,
Swarm'd; and bold Chiefs majeſtic tow'r'd along:

Virgins, and youths, untimely on their pyres
Stretcht out, ſad object to their ſorrowing Sires.
Crown'd with unſightly reeds, and black with mud,
Cocytus round them rolls his doleſome flood;
The Lake abhor'd ſpreads ſlow her wat'ry chains,
And Styx with nine wide channels faſt conſtrains.
Amaze ev'n ſtruck Death's dark Tartarean bounds,
And Fiends, whoſe hair ſnakes thrid in venom'd rounds:
Hell's Porter gaping his three throats ſuppreſt,
And the ſtrain charm'd Ixion's wheel to reſt.
And now had Orpheus, meaſuring back his way,
Eſcap'd all perils: to the realms of Day
Preſſing his ſteps advanc'd Eurydice;
Of Pluto's conſort ſuch was the decree:
When ſtrait a madneſs ſeiz'd the Lover's mind;
Venial, in Hell were faults of venial kind:
Juſt at the light he ſtopt; in thoughtleſs trance
Wrapt, and by paſſion quite o'erpow'r'd, a glance,
Turning, on his Eurydice he caſt:
Vain from that moment every labour paſt;
The Tyrant's league was void, and thrice around
Avernus' pool was heard a ſullen ſound.
Orpheus! ſhe cry'd, what Dæmon could inſpire,
To curſe us both, ſo frantic a deſire?

Again I go; Fate calls me from the ſkies,
And ſleep eternal ſeals my ſwimming eyes:
Adieu! with deepeſt darkneſs cover'd o'er
I ſtretch my feeble hands, thy wife, alas! no more.
Theſe words ſcarce finiſh'd, ſudden from his view,
Like ſmoke with thin air mixt, ſhe diverſe flew;
No more to meet her Orpheus, who eſſay'd
Oft to reply, and catch her fleeting ſhade.
What, what remain'd? Hell's ferry-man deny'd
A ſecond paſſage o'er th' opponent tide.
His wife twice loſt, ah! whither ſhall he rove?
What plaint, what ſtrain, the Ghoſts, the Gods ſhall move?
Plac'd in the Stygian bark ſhe ſhivering ſail'd:
He, as Fame tells, ſev'n months ſucceſſive wail'd,
By Strymon's unfrequented wave, his woes,
Where a bleak rock's aerial manſion roſe;
In chilly caves he mus'd, and by his ſong
Sooth'd the fierce beaſts, and drew the trees along.
So Philomela in the poplar bow'r
Laments her offspring, loſt in luckleſs hour,
Which ſome rude Ruſtic, callow as they lay,
From their warm neſt obſervant ſnatcht away:
Percht on a bough, all night ſhe weeps, her ſtrains
Renews, and with ſad wailings fills the plains.

No

No love, no joys connubial touch'd his ſoul;
Forlorn he roam'd, where Tanais' white waves roll,
O'er Hyperborean ice, o'er tracts of ground
Throughout the year in froſts Riphæan bound,
Mourning Dis' fruitleſs boon, and his loſt Bride:
When, ſtung with rage at his diſdainful pride
The Thracian matrons, 'mid the rites divine,
And midnight orgies of the God of wine,
Spread o'er the fields the Poet, piecemeal torn:
Then as his head by Hebrus' flood was born,
Rent from the marble neck, ev'n the cold tongue
And fault'ring voice Eurydice ſtill ſung;
Ah poor Eurydice! with laſt breath cry'd;
Eurydice the diſtant banks reply'd.

This ſaid, the Prophet in his wat'ry bed
Plung'd; and the waves curl'd foamy o'er his head:
Not ſo Cyrene; to her trembling ſon
Uncall'd the Goddeſs came, and thus begun:
Be ev'ry care now baniſh'd from your breaſt;
See the ſad ſource of this devouring peſt!
Hence have the Nymphs, with whom ſhe playful wove
The ſocial dance in the ſequeſtered grove,
Pour'd on your bees this plague: but haſte, and gain
By gifts and pray'r the mild Napæan train;

Won by your vows their fury they'll forbear:
But firſt the rites in order I'll declare.
Select four ſteers, the ſtatelieſt of the breed,
Of ungall'd neck as many heifers lead,
That now on green Lycæus' ſummit graze,
At the Nymphs' ſhrines for theſe four altars raiſe;
Next from their throats the ſacred torrent pour,
And leave the bodies in the branchy bow'r.
When the ninth Morn ſhall give her early ray,
To Orpheus' Ghoſt lethæan poppies pay;
With a ſlain calf hail the relenting maid;
A black ewe offer'd, ſeek once more the ſhade.
The youth ſtrait executes, what ſhe ordains;
Haſtes, and erects four altars in the fanes;
Pride of the herd four ſtately ſteers he took;
Four heifers, all unconſcious of the yoke;
And when the ninth Morn ſhone, due off'rings pay'd
To Orpheus' Ghoſt, he ſought once more the ſhade.
When, ſtrange to tell! a prodigy he ſees;
Thro' all the victims' putrid entrails bees
Hum far within; from the rent ribs the throng
Burſt forth, and ſweep in length'ning clouds along;
To a tree's top in cloſe array they tend,
And cluſt'ring from the pliant boughs depend.

While

While with war's thunders conqu'ring CÆSAR awes
Euphrates' flood, to willing worlds gives laws,
Aſpiring to Heav'n's heights, in humble ſtrains
I ſung of cattle, trees, and cultur'd plains.
'Twas then I VIRGIL my ſequeſter'd ſeat
Fixt at Parthenope's belov'd retreat,
Deep in the ſtudies of inglorious eaſe;
I, who with rural verſe eſſay'd to pleaſe,
And with youth's boldneſs ſung thee, Tityrus! laid,
Where a broad Beech ſpread wide her arching ſhade.

FINIS.

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